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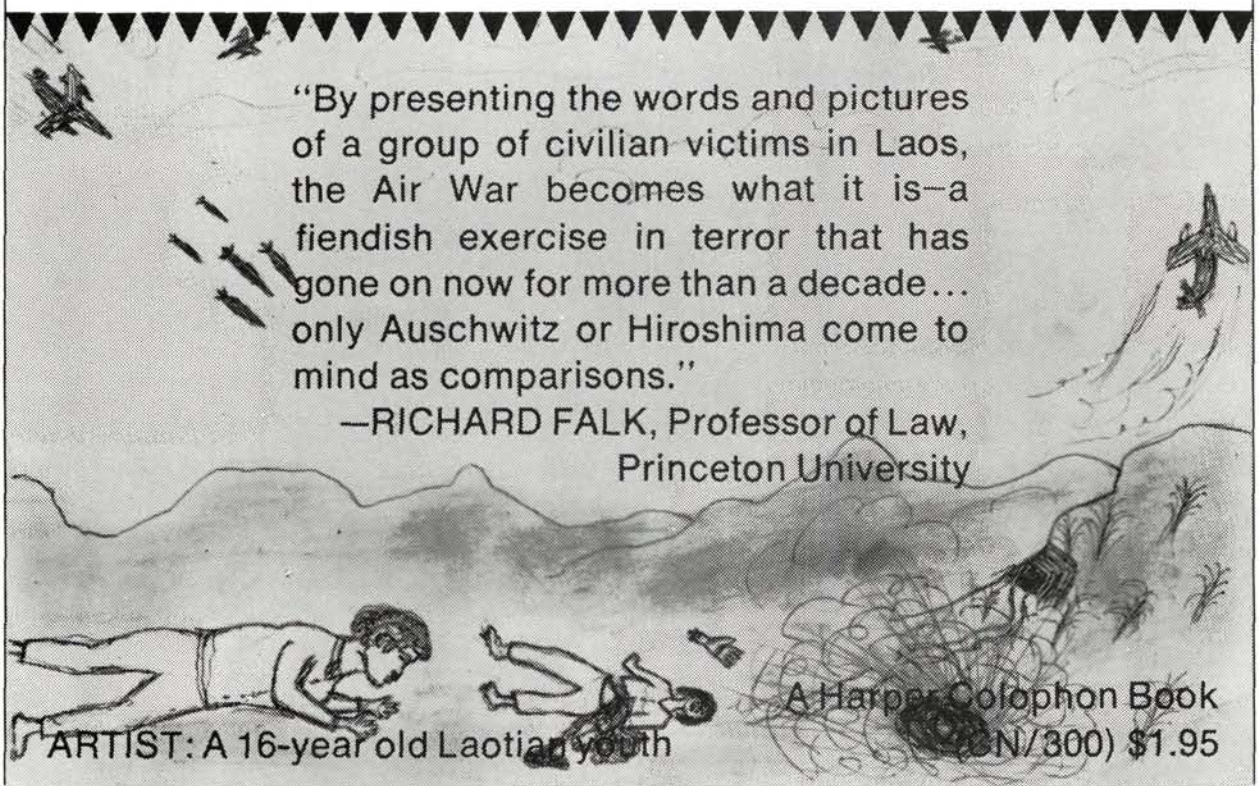

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Bo Burlingham (Managing)
David Kolodney ☐ Robert Fitch
James Ridgeway ☐ Sheila Daar

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EDITORIAL ROOMS AND MAIN BUSINESS OFFICE
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Berkeley, California 94704
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Business 845-8807
Subscription 845-8859
Editorial 845-8871

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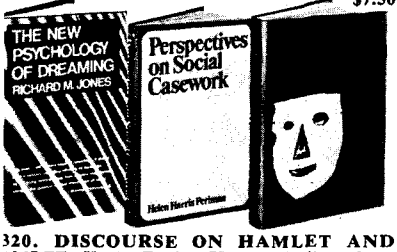

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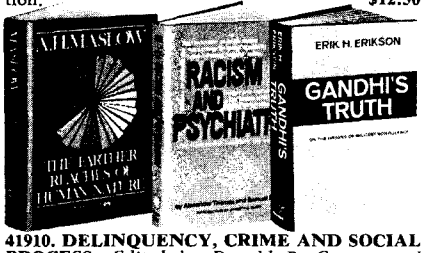

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[Perspective]

McGovern and the Left: Time for a Stand

"McGovern did not just fall from the sky and land on top the Democratic ticket. That result was brought about by a political process . . ."

by David Kolodney

NOW THAT GEORGE MC GOVERN has captured the presidential nomination for the November election, the challenge of his candidacy is more than ever inescapable for all those whose political identity draws upon the movement and the outrage of the Vietnam decade. Our perception of this challenge should be complex, our response independent and critical, but all these admirable sophistications turn craven if we use them to evade. Therefore, if we are serious about our commitments, we must first be willing to confront a simple question with a straight answer. "Should we use our votes and urge others to use theirs to help McGovern get elected?" There is much we need to say to this, but before anything else we must first answer "Yes." Everything else must address itself to this answer and the actions it implies.

We answer "Yes" because we know what Nixon's doctrine is doing to Vietnam and we have reason to believe that his defeat by McGovern would bring an end to the war on a basis consistent with the objectives of the PRG. McGovern's pledge in this regard is specific, straightforward, and unequivocal. He says that within 90 days of his inauguration he will withdraw all American troops from Indochina, halt the bombing of the area stop aid to the Thieu regime, and negotiate the return of American POWs. To be sure, politicians have a way of breaking their promises, but McGovern's pledge to end the war is not a casual sop to an interest group. It is the linchpin of his campaign, the premise which unites the varying elements of the McGovern coalition, and without it his support would disintegrate. It is thus unlikely that McGovern could afford to go back on this promise after his election. Even if he could, we would still be impelled to support his candidacy. For a McGovern victory would constitute a clear mandate to terminate the war. His failure to do so would provide the basis for an unprecedented resurgence of the anti-war movement—a result hardly imaginable in the wake of Nixon's re-election.

Some no doubt would dismiss all this as credulous reformism that, as radicals, we ought to transcend. Un-

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der the circumstances, however, "transcend" is just a fancy word for the betrayal of the Vietnamese, ourselves, and the politics we represent.

It is a betrayal among other things of the politics of 1968, which led us rightly to rejecting Humphrey, either in the form of boycott or third party vote. That was a political act carrying at its heart a message that was well understood, that we cared too much about Vietnam to vote for Humphrey, who stood before us with the blood of Vietnam on his hands, offering the promise of continuing the murderous destruction. People got the message: We could not vote for Humphrey; we cared too much about the war in Vietnam. Shall this year's message be that we care too little about Vietnam to vote for George McGovern?

This much at a minimum would have to be agreed, that we have no right to be frivolous in our decision. If radicals choose to hold back from McGovern, it cannot be merely in order to maintain an avant-garde pose ahead of fashion. It may appear that to hold back from McGovern has the virtue of a consistent abstention from electoral politics. But it is foolish to think one is acting out of principle when one merely acts by rote. Serious politics begins with an approach that is conditional, that looks at the context of choice and not merely its abstract reverberations. In 1968 there was a political basis for the electoral boycott rooted in two related issues: Humphrey's commitment to the war, and the heavy-handed imposition of his nomination against the will of the party rank and file and the primary electorate. These were decisive issues and both pointed in the direction of a boycott. The point was not that, having decided to oppose Humphrey, one looked for the most vulnerable points against him, and then tried to *make* them decisive. It had to be the other way around, to see what issues, at that particular time, both in the society and in the movement, actually were looked upon as central, overriding concerns, and then to see how their influence, the fundamental lines of cleavage that they represented, were arrayed in the electoral arena. We did not simply decide to push the Vietnam issue because it served our purpose; it was understood to be the issue on which, more than any other, the nation's politics must turn, and it was recognized to be the central impetus behind our own politics as a movement.

Likewise, the widespread concern over the openly dictatorial frustration of popular will by the Democratic Convention was not something we dreamed up. The shock waves those events set off, the embittered activated constituencies of the earlier, thwarted campaigns, the people angered and appalled by the resort to a police state in Chicago that was bound up in the process—all this provided a strong basis for refusal to turn the other cheek for the sake of Humphrey's election. But while one could then argue strongly that a boycott was a way to strike back at Humphrey and vindicate the people, this year the tables have been turned inasmuch as this time the people won with McGovern's nomination. To boycott him, far from a vindication of the people, would appear to be a repudiation of their efforts. The force of this issue, like the other, is not something for us to turn on and off at will, and this year the political vector has been reversed.

NEVERTHELESS WE WOULD BE very mistaken if we gave our support to McGovern's candidacy on the premise that he personifies the pure imperatives of justice and the requirements of change, just as we would be wrong to turn the same mistake on its head by withholding our support on the premise that he does not. The problem is that in both cases we tend to see our vote or support as creating a complete moral identification between ourselves and the candidate, so that we partake of the pride and shame of the totality of his acts as if they were our own. We tend to look on the option of support as a religious submission or an existential leap rather than as a political act.

This kind of a response found an exceptionally clear expression in the editorial position taken by *Rolling Stone* in its June 8 issue:

"We endorse George McGovern for President. It was an easy decision to make, and we do it without qualification. . . . Like Ralph Nader and Jack Anderson, George McGovern has that communicable quality of integrity. . . . [These men] behave as though there are such things as morality and truth. McGovern has consistently acted on the principle that he would rather be right than be President. He has gone against all professional advice and conventional wisdom to pursue his own view of morality and the truth." In sum: ". . . we support McGovern with unreserved enthusiasm. He is a man of honor and we trust him."

This is quoted merely to illustrate a tendency. It is naturally unfair to play back in this era of post-convention sophistication an enthusiasm that was originally recorded before the California primary. The electoral process leading to November has a built-in rightward pull that was—and is—bound to exert itself upon the McGovern candidacy with an ever more compelling intensity. At that stage it had not yet begun to come fully into play.

McGovern for instance had not yet taken his turn in the pilgrimage to the hospital bed where George Wallace, a sudden political demiurge, curiously martyred from the waist down, was receiving the Democratic pantheon. Hubert Humphrey—who had concluded as early as the Florida primary that this year segregation was an idea whose time had come—had shown up, following his defeat in California the week before, and raised the possibility of a Humphrey-Wallace dream ticket for the November ballot. But the Alabama Governor, who so far had contrived to strike it rich politically by saving his Confederate dollars, by now might be impressed with an offer which, although less than Humphrey's, was in a more redeemable electoral currency. At any rate, McGovern turned up at the hospital and, hoping to occupy the patient's mind, brought him a book to read in bed for the present and the prospect of a "high post in his administration" if elected. It would appear that nothing too concrete will ever come of it, but it was at least a token of respect. And it was obvious that none of the voyagers in the presidential quest could keep themselves from wondering whether the ill wind of Wallace racism might yet blow them some good.

Of course throughout the campaign

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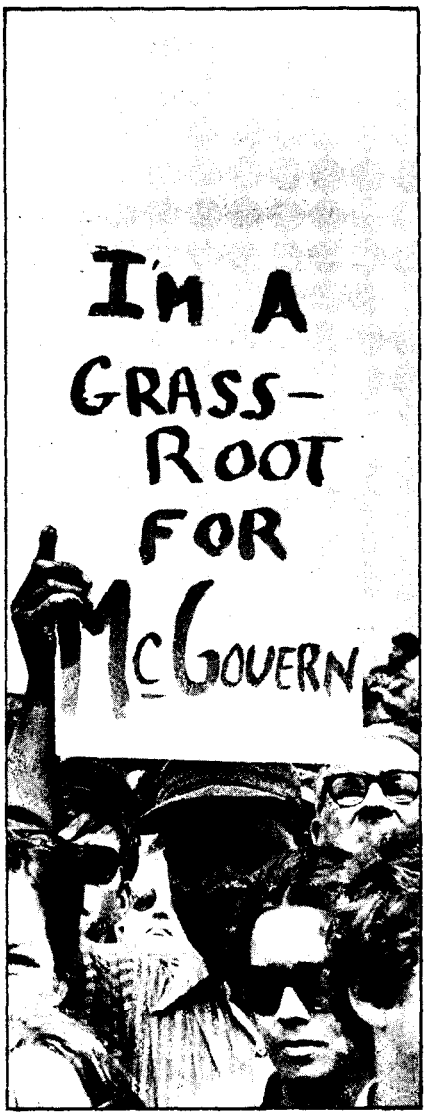
McGovern had always managed to keep at least one eye on the prize as he "pursued his own view of morality and the truth." He had backtracked on abortion. He had placed an ad in the *Wall Street Journal* and given an interview to *Business Week* (coverlined "McGovern cools his radicalism"), both of which emphasized that his tax reform and share the wealth programs are merely "proposals" and "suggestions," and not terribly firm or likely ones at that since, after all, it is really up to Congress to decide. This evoked a rather ungrateful, not to say vindictive, reaction from *Business Week:* "A strange attitude for a would be President to take of his own program. McGovern's Delphic language invites a translation something like this: Of course, I don't really believe all this claptrap, but it is a great way to make waves. If I am actually elected, I will simmer down and be practical."

What ever else McGovern would be inclined to say in response to that, he would undoubtedly inquire, after all, what is so wrong with being practical. It is an attribute that he not only admits to, but increasingly insists upon, since the most damaging charge made against him is that he is dangerously deficient in that prerequisite of responsible leadership. (Could he stand up to the Russians? Or is he a nice guy who had better finish last?)

Nor did McGovern first harken to the sirens of compromise only when the strains of "Hail to the Chief" began to come his way. It has been noted that, in 1968, when his campaign for re-election was met with stiff conservative opposition, his liberalism score on the Americans for Democratic Action voting index plummeted from 94 to 43. And again, as early as 1963, McGovern spoke out in the Senate against the war, but then in 1965 announced, "I am against a United States withdrawal from Vietnam. . . . I think President Johnson has conducted the military effort with great restraint. . . . I support the strafing [of North Vietnam.]"

A FIRST CONCLUSION is obvious: to accept McGovern on his own terms would be naive. We have been asked to believe in McGovern the selfless and untainted, the truth and



"In 1968 one could argue . . . that a boycott was a way to strike back at Humphrey and vindicate the people, but this year . . . the people won with McGovern's nomination. To boycott him, far from a vindication of the people, would appear to be a repudiation of their efforts."

soul candidate, not only "right from the start," but presumably to the finish. But he has found it in him to be unprincipled in the past, when the stakes were lower, the issues easier to dodge, and the constituency of more tractable dimensions. He will find it in him again, not only in this campaign but, if he should win, as president as well. He will be confronted with much greater pressures, more power and, in a sense, fewer options. And the consequences of subordinating the imperatives of principle to those of power become far more grave in the White House than in the Senate chamber. The obsequious speech becomes the arrogant ultimatum; the expedient vote is replaced by the convenient *coup d'état.*

In an article in *New York* magazine entitled "Will Ambition Spoil Sen. George?" Richard Reeves observed: "The impression that he alone is seeking and speaking the truth is exaggerated. These things don't happen in political campaigns; the political system doesn't produce anti-politicians even if the best campaigns produce the illusion of anti-politics." Some months before we might have read this as a hostile accusation. But in the same article McGovern says of himself, "I'm a politician; that's my business and I don't regard it as a discrediting label at all," and, he observes, "politics is a compromising business . . . they talk about my ideologically fanatical supporters, but I have faith that the kids will understand when I have to make a political accommodation and will stick with me. This idealistic constituency of mine is a lot more pragmatic than they get credit for."

A chronicle of McGovern's expediency turns out to be a peculiarly pointless exercise. In a sense it reveals nothing because nothing is hidden and nothing needs to be. What began in the early days as the presumptive nobility of a lost cause has proved remarkably impervious to victory. For many it is a curiously starry-eyed and trustful sort of pragmatism that has taken hold—as if, in the face of expediency and success, naiveté had risen to the occasion; it is expressed in the untroubled complacency with which one would take compromise in stride.

Indeed, many seemed to feel a new

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ambivalence towards expediency, the dread of selling out being offset by a longing to play safe. People who normally would cringe to hear the politicians telling their convenient lies, now found they cringed when McGovern exposed himself by clarifying an inconvenient truth.

On the other hand, when McGovern backtracks a position he is often able to do so with such a charming impression of candor as to invite presumptions of reluctance or regret, and, in his best form, almost evokes our sympathy. Stylistically, McGovern carries off both principle and compromise very well, with an extraordinarily engaging manner that appeals not only to Americans' delusions of rural nostalgia but also to a more modish taste. It seems that we can enjoy his successes all the better because we can sit back and let him make the compromises for us. And there is a source of satisfaction in each tough decision. If it doesn't confirm his idealism it demonstrates his effectiveness. So don't worry, you can't lose. As *Rolling Stone* observed, You can trust McGovern.

What is not so clear is trust him to do what? Trust his good intentions? His earnest efforts? His shrewdness? His success? Trust him to produce a just society within the next four years? Imperialism, racism and sexism wiped out? Too much to expect, no doubt. But what then? Simply that he will do his best? Perhaps the deal is simply that if we trust McGovern to do his best he will do his best to justify our trust.

This is not a mandate of political support: it is an ecstasy of faith devoid of expectations. Because it sets no limits, it cannot be betrayed, but neither can it be fulfilled; that is the emptiness of political certitude. It is more than naiveté, it is abdication. The *Rolling Stone* editorial said it this way: "George McGovern is a wise man to whom we should entrust the stewardship of our society."

The *Rolling Stone* editorial reinforces the contrast between our capacity for fruitless gestures and real political power. "Ten years of protest, anger and outrage on the streets have been unable to end the war." But George McGovern can. George McGovern, an actual presidential nominee, has finally arrived *deus ex machina,* prepared to set things straight. In his strong arms he will carry us to citadels of power that our sore marching feet could never touch. There is a message in this that is well expressed in the Simon and Garfunkle song which *Time* magazine recognized as a kind of anthem for the McGovern campaign.

When you're down and out,
When you're on the street,
When evening falls so hard
I will comfort you.
I'll take your part. . . .
Like a bridge over troubled water
I will ease your mind.

"I will ease your mind." It is an appealing offer after these ten years. The exhilarating iconoclasm of political independence in time gives way to a profound fatigue. It is tempting to relax from the weariness of an active political consciousness, tempting — whether out of cynicism or naiveté—to let the critical tension go slack, to let McGovern ease your mind.

We see our own criteria of political propriety as so utterly divorced from the real potentialities of power that, when we cross from one over to the other, no matter how firmly moored we had been in our position within the left, in relation to McGovern suddenly we are completely at sea. The point is not merely that we are reluctant to transport our ideological guidelines wholesale from one context into a different one, but that we feel there is no point of contact at all between our politics and McGovern's, so that in reference to him we have no way to take our bearings, no sense of political criteria at all. We simply do not feel we are in a position to take our politics our ourselves very seriously here, and there is no point in playing out our games when after all this is the real thing, the big time.

Thus if McGovern's politics lead him to weakening a position which our politics would lead us to keep strong, we are not inclined to measure his decision against our own, because his we consider serious but ours we don't. It would be like insisting on pie in preference to beans, without regard to the fact that the beans are on the table and the pie is in the sky.

The attitude towards real politics is something like this: you wish for the ideal, hope for the best, expect the worst, and take what you can get. This spirit of acceptance of McGovern may tend to be so passive, so complacent and relaxed, because we have a sense that, however far he may fall short of the ideal, he is still better than we have any right to expect. Compared to what the rigged wheel of political fortune usually turns up, McGovern's ascendancy seems quite a stroke of luck. And if you are smart, you don't press your luck.

But McGovern did not just fall from the sky and land on top of the Democratic ticket. That result was brought about by a political process and it is impossible to appreciate its significance and absorb its implications if we look at the event in the customary way.

We say that George McGovern captured the nomination. We also say that Henry Ford III builds cars. In fact we say that he builds millions of them every year. Truly an astounding accomplishment if it were true and quite a big surprise to the people working on the factory line.

As the Pentagon Papers revealed, anti-war protest in the 1960s was taken with the utmost seriousness and had a substantial influence on major decisions at the highest levels—even while government officials assured us that we were wasting our time. From their statements, one would have thought it pure coincidence that Johnson's critical decisions against calling up the reserves and Nixon's reduced reliance on conscripted combat troops were preceded by rising tides of disaffection and resistance.

So now we have yet another "coincidence"—ten years of angry protest followed by McGovern's candidacy. Someone who believes that might wish we could have known beforehand, saved ourselves a decade of futile effort and waited for McGovern to come along and end the war for us.

It is, in fact, manifestly clear by now that the decade of "futile gestures" fashioned a new political force—a force that McGovern's campaign has proved to be very serious politics indeed. That does not mean that George

(Continued on Page 61)

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[Hard Times]

huey newton's revival meeting in oakland

IT WAS A TIME FOR getting down, and the people turned out to get down together. A crowd 5000 strong streamed into the Oakland Auditorium on June 24, where they watched a Black Panther political revival, dubbed Survival Conference, climaxed by Chairman Bobby Seale throwing his hat into the political arena.

Chairman Bobby, who left a promising career as a stand-up comedian to help found the Black Panther Party, is now running for Mayor of Oakland, California. Politician though he may be, the hat he tossed into the ring was no gangster Borsalino or soft brown fedora, but one of those big, broad-brimmed, bad-ass jobs, and the people received it with cheers.

Two years ago, it would have been difficult to imagine Chairman Bobby running for Mayor. But then again, two years ago it would have been difficult to imagine the Black Panther Party sponsoring a virtually all-black rally.

This Survival Conference was unquestionably a *soul* spectacular, with music that would put a "glide in your stride and a dip in your hip." The crowd—95 percent black—warmed up to the tunes of the Tower of Power, a "name" group from the West Coast. After a brief speech by Minister of Information Elaine Brown, a local quintet called Original Passion took the stage to sing a soul hit with the refrain

As long as I have shoes
to put on my feet
And food
for my brother to eat,
Everything's
gonna be all right.

As it happened, the Black Panther Party was distributing some 2500 free pairs of shoes, as well as 10,000 bags of groceries, at the conference. Later in the program, the Sisters Love rocked out "The mean old landlord, he don't care/If I freeze or not" and John Lee Hooker wailed them ol' Black Panther Party Anti-War African Liberation Voter Registration Survival Conference blues.

The conference did in fact focus its attention on opposition to the war in Vietnam, and it may well rank as the first black anti-war rally ever held in America. Via trans-Pacific telephone, a representative of the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam addressed the gathering. "Our people greatly admire," he said, "the great cause of Dr. Martin Luther King, the sacrifice of George Jackson, the indomitable will of Angela Davis, as well as appreciate the contributions of tens of millions of black people in the United States, for peace and justice." When he finished, the crowd gave him an ovation.

Not long ago, had the Panthers called such a conference, they would have announced it on Pacifica radio station KPFA and would have invited various white left-wing luminaries to address it. The Panther newspaper would have reported that "the people" attended by the thousands — failing to observe that the "people" included mainly young, white, long-haired radicals.

In August 1969, for instance, the Party held its United Front Against Fascism conference (UFAF) in this same Oakland Auditorium. Featured as keynote speaker was none other than Herbert Aptheker of the Communist Party. The student movement—then in its most sectarian phase—turned out in force, and the tension of impending violence hung heavy in the air. Participants were frisked as they

Photograph of Bobby Seale courtesy of Black Panther Party

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entered the hall. Inside, Panthers armed with handguns patrolled the auditorium barking orders and occasionally threatening individuals.

Since then, the Black Panther Party has experienced death and resurrection. Following the debacle of the People's Constitutional Convention in Washington, D. C., and the split-off of the international section under Eldridge Cleaver, the Party submitted itself to a searing self criticism. "Our hook-up with white radicals did not give us access to the white community," wrote Chief Theoretician Huey P. Newton in March 1971, "because they do not guide the white community. The black community does not relate to them, so we were left in a twilight zone, where we could not enter the community with any real political education programs; yet we were doing nothing to mobilize whites. We had no influence in raising the consciousness of the black community, and that is the point where we defected." Thus the Panthers started all over again, revamping their strategy, restructuring their organization, and they began to build a base of support in the black community. At this time, what support they did have was passive and all but invisible. That was a little more than a year ago.

In recent months the new strategy has begun to bear fruit in the Bay Area, notably in the May 24 anti-poverty elections, when Ericka Huggins and three other Panthers were elected to serve on the Berkeley Community Development Council.

The June 24 Survival Conference provided further evidence of its success. Not only was it overwhelmingly black, it was mainly young, though a significant number of older folks showed up. (Indeed, for a period in the afternoon, use of the toilet facilities was restricted to elderly citizens.) As at UFAF, uniformed Party members patrolled the auditorium. This time, however, they carried no arms, and their manners would have put the Royal Guard to shame. Almost gently, they regulated the flow of pedestrian traffic, from time to time assisting the more aged to seats on the aisle. Bodyguards accompanied the Party leaders, but gone was the old swagger and the conspicuous bulges in their clothing.

On stage, between sets of soul music, radical black ministers like Rev. Cecil Williams of Glide Church in San Francisco held forth. (Elaine Brown introduced him as Pastor-in-Chief of "The People's Church of What's Happening Now.") Black Congressman Ron Dellums put in an appearance and brought the crowd to its feet. "We've got to get the niggers together," he said. "Black people no longer have a monopoly on niggerism. Now there are brown, yellow, red, woman, student, and anti-war niggers. This is a nation of niggers. And I want to say something to you black niggers. We understand the politics and economics of niggerism. Let's all of us old niggers with our great experience lead all of the new, non-black niggers to change the country and change the world." He left the stage to a standing ovation. Then Hooker did a set, followed by the Sisters Love, and finally Chairman Bobby. "This . . . election," he promised, "is going to be the most polarized election that the white racists, who've been running the government, have ever seen." Not exactly the style of a Carl Stokes, perhaps, but then Bobby Seale is not aiming to be a mayor like Carl Stokes.

None of this, to be sure, lays to rest the charge by left-wing critics that the Panthers have "gone revisionist". This does not seem to bother the Party, however, which long ago opted out of that debate. "Don't judge us by what we say," said Huey Newton early last year. "Judge us by what we do." The Panthers said that they were going to build a base in the East Bay's black community. To date, they appear to have done just that.

— Bo Burlingham

unions give peace a chance

"This is a leadership conference." With these words Emil Mazey, Secretary-Treasurer of the UAW, opened the founding conference of Labor for Peace at the Teamsters auditorium in St. Louis on June 22. Truer words were never spoken.

The conference came about as the result of a trip to Hanoi by David Livingston, Secretary-Treasurer of the Distributive Workers of America; Harold Gibbons, Midwest Vice-President of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters; and Clifton Caldwell, Vice-President of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen. By the time 1000 delegates convened in St. Louis, 14 AFL-CIO and 5 independent unions had joined in sponsoring the conference. The list of individual sponsors included Harry Bridges, Cesar Chavez, Leonard Woodcock, and a member of the AFL-CIO Executive Council, Jerry Wurf, President of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees. Estimates of the union membership represented by the sponsoring unions ran from 3 to 6 million.

Thus, quite apart from the issue of peace, the conference represented a challenge to George Meany's leadership of the AFL-CIO. Comparison to the breakaway of John L. Lewis and the CIO from the old AF of L in November 1935 was inevitable, and arriving delegates wondered whether this might actually turn out to be the birth of a new labor federation.

In addition, rumors of a possible McGovern endorsement abounded. As it turned out, the conference, despite the obvious McGovern sympathies of most participants, carefully stayed away from even the appearance of an official endorsement.

Indeed, the conference did its best to stay away from any action at all. The opening session Friday evening was taken up with remarks by Gibson, Mazey, Frank Rosenblum of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, Patrick Gorman of the butchers union, and Jerry Wurf. (Woodcock was scheduled but did not show.)

The evening's one dramatic moment came during Wurf's speech. "We in the United States have a unique kind of trade union movement," Wurf was saying. "We exist so that workers can have access to the Establishment." Labor should oppose the war in this same pragmatic spirit, Wurf went on. Leaflets which had been passed out to delegates entering the hall called for some way-out things, he said, but this conference was not interested in a labor party or a one-day work stoppage. At that point in his talk there was sudden applause on the floor, prompted evidently by the words "one-day work stoppage."

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After the evening session, a rank-and-file caucus convened. Activists from the Wisconsin Alliance and Madison contingent of the International Socialist, a Trotskyist group, called the meeting in cooperation with organizers affiliated with the newspaper *On the Line* from St. Louis. Most of those who took part were "movement" people doing working-class organizing in the Midwest.

The Madison people had drafted a statement which the caucus voted to adopt as the basis for its work at the conference. It made three demands:

1) The conference and subsequent meetings of local and regional affiliates should be opened to rank-and-file workers as well as delegates from unions.

2) There should be a one-day work stoppage against the war and the wage freeze within three months.

3) There should be no endorsement of political candidates. On the whole, caucus members felt that the formation of Labor for Peace represented a step forward, but they considered it crucial to stress the importance of a visible rank-and-file presence at the outset. Some no doubt recalled the failure of the left to play an independent and critical role in the early CIO, attributable in part to its failure to insist on active rank-and-file participation.

It was decided that I should approach Mazey, who chaired all three sessions of the conference, to inform him of our plans. As I explained to the UAW leader, we made this approach precisely in the hope of avoiding unnecessary commotion, thereby enabling Labor for Peace to preserve the unified, dignified face it sought to present to Meany and the media. Steve Zeluck of the New Rochelle teachers' union, I said, would speak for our group the next day.

Saturday morning began with a reading of a proposed statement of policy by Moe Foner, Executive Secretary of the National Union of Hospital and Nursing Home Employees. The statement forcefully denounced the war, but it was absolutely devoid of implementation.

When Foner finished, Zeluck moved to the main microphone to amend the policy statement by proposing a one-day work stoppage. For perhaps half an hour Mazey called on everyone in sight but Zeluck. Finally one of the Madison organizers asked me to go up to Mazey again and remind him that the caucus had approached him in advance to avoid just such a situation. I did so. He barked: "I'm running this conference. I'll call on who I like." But perhaps he was pricked by some recollection of the many times in his own past he had sought the microphone at controlled conferences, for he did in fact call on Steve Zeluck next.

Zeluck made a splendid speech on behalf of a one-day work stoppage, indicating that the executive board of his union had instructed him to make this proposal and that in doing so he was following the lead of Bridges' longshoremen's union, which had proposed a one-day stoppage against the war at its last convention.

Zeluck finished, and Mazey then made a Himalayan blunder. He would, he said, do what Walter Reuther often did at similar moments: he would take a straw vote. Much to his amazement, at least half the delegates voting raised their hands in support of a one-day stoppage! This was the more remarkable in view of the fact that many delegates were staff men of the sponsoring unions. For instance, Mazey's own UAW had 240 delegates, 70 of whom were staff men.

This straw vote was, however, all we were able to achieve. After lunch Harry Bridges came forward to explain away the thrust of his own union's resolution, and the statement of policy was adopted. David Livingston then read a report on the proposed structure for Labor for Peace, which, among other things, simply named the union executives who would constitute the steering committee.

When Livingston concluded, Marvin Rogoff of Washington, D. C. rose to argue, with careful reference to the experience of a Labor for Peace group in that city over the past few years, that membership in local and regional affiliates should be open to individual working people as well as delegates from unions. If individuals were not allowed to participate, Rogoff explained, locals might send representatives only to be told by their internationals to withdraw their delegates or be put into trusteeship. (This had in fact happened to three locals in Washington.) In addition, the proposed structure did not provide for the representation of active individuals and caucuses in locals which are unprepared to take a stand against the war.

Rogoff conceded that his proposal posed the danger that unaffiliated individuals might swamp the organization. But "where there's a will, there's a way," and that problem could be avoided by giving official delegates more votes than individual working people.

By this time, however, Mazey was willing to skip the formalities and do away with even the semblance of democracy. He told Rogoff that his statement was not acceptable to the sponsors and put the report on structure to an immediate vote. It passed. The conference stood adjourned.

The conference may well have marked a step forward, but it remains to be seen whether or not the step was really a significant one. The future of Labor for Peace is problematic at this point. Its survival and effectiveness will depend on its ability to devise a concrete program of action and to effect a real democratization of its structure. Otherwise it will remain little more than a coalition of union leaders.

— STAUGHTON LYND

nixon: prince of peace?

SENATOR HUGH SCOTT of Pennsylvania, Republican Minority Leader, has confessed his intent to nominate President Nixon for the Nobel Peace Prize.

Scott serves on the "Interparliamentary Union," which proposes the names of those who will be considered for the award. The Senator says Nixon deserves it because of his trips to China and Russia earlier this year.

Be that as it may, the President won't get it because the deadline to present nominees for the Nobel Prize was back on February 1, and the thought did not enter Senator Scott's head until considerably later than that.

The Republicans are accepting this twist of fate with grace. Zodiac News Service quotes Ken Butler, an aide to Scott, as saying, "It wouldn't have done

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the President any good anyway, since they don't make the award until after the election." The recipient of the Peace Prize is announced on December 10.

who is the enemy?

EVERY SO OFTEN, a newspaper will make news with its headlines—as, for example, when a San Francisco newspaper announced President Woodrow Wilson's imminent approval of a treaty with the phrase "WILSON'S PEN IS READY." Unfortunately the middle two words were—by accident—elided, causing embarrassment at the newspaper, anger in the White House, and guffaws most everywhere else.

In the same tradition, but on a rather more serious note, the anti-establishment weekly *Boston After Dark* managed to get a rise from Spiro Agnew recently with a headline on its May 16 edition that read, "ENEMY BOMBS HANOI." Beneath this banner was featured an article by Carl Oglesby — author, songwriter, and former SDS president — which analyzed Nixon's latest escalation of the war.

In the next issue of *B. A. D.*, associate editors Kerry Gruson and Derek Shearer explained that the newspaper had run the headline in order to highlight the straight media's practice of referring to North Vietnam and the National Liberation Front as the "enemy" or "foe" even when they oppose that position editorially. A survey of newspapers, wire services, and radio and television stations around the country, they said, showed that only in rare cases had editors "given much thought to the issue of using such potentially loaded words in an undeclared war."

Boston After Dark's headline and follow-up touched off a controversy among media people in Boston. The staunch liberal editor of the Boston *Globe*, Robert Healey, was taken off guard. "It never occurred to us before," he told *B. A. D.* "Well, you know I didn't realize it—that [the words "enemy" and "foe"] had been getting in so much. I guess it is inconsistent with our editorial policy. . . . We will discuss it darn soon." The *Christian Science Monitor*, on the other hand, had an explicit policy of avoiding the terms, stated in a memo from managing editor Earl Fel on April 6, 1972. And even the conservative news editor of the Boston *Herald-Traveler* had advocated the use of "the proper nomenclature," although in recent weeks he has been overruled by the paper's managing editor.

Among the electronic media, most stations surveyed by *B. A. D.* had no policy on the question and simply followed the practice of the wire services. The city's leading rock station, WBCN-FM, stood out as an exception. Not only has news director Danny Schechter refused to use "enemy" and "foe" to describe the liberation forces, but he has also dropped "Vietcong" in favor of "National Liberation Front." The former term, he said, was "coined by Saigon's propaganda minister" and is intended to be derogatory.

Newsweek magazine found all of this rather thought-provoking and ran an item about it in the press section of its June 12 edition. There it caught the attention of the Vice-President who, reportedly, began sputtering alliterated adjectives of Agnewesque anguish. On June 19, he spoke out in Atlanta against the major news media which, he said, had failed "to be objective and fairly report both sides." By some freak of logic, he then cited the "enemy" controversy as proof of his point: "Ladies and gentlemen, I find it incredible that in a war in which thousands of Americans have fought and died there is any difficulty in deciding who is the enemy."

There the matter rests, although Nat Hentoff added a footnote in the June 29 *Village Voice*. It seems that the *New York Times* uses "enemy" in "military but not political reporting," according to managing editor A. M. Rosenthal. "From the point of view of the soldier on the ground someone firing at him is an enemy. We're not taking sides." Hentoff disagreed and suggested, ". . . it might be useful to circle each use in that newspaper's Vietnam coverage of 'enemy' or 'foe' and send the clipping directly to A. M. Rosenthal. As his collection grows, he may consider again whether it actually is true that . . . the *Times* is 'not taking sides'."

—B.B.

ENEMY BOMBS HANOI

BY CARL OGLESBY

Over the past dozen years the Vietnamese-American struggle has taken on a quite simple and clear historical pattern.

During the non-election years, the American President's advisors and the Pentagon attempt to implement an overall strategy for victory-then in the election year, the Vietnamese challenge this strategy militarily, forcing a war crisis upon the American electorate.

During the 1961-63 period, the U.S. command employed a so-called special-war strategy defined politically by the "nation-building" neocolonialism of Walt Rostow and militarily by the "psy-war" commando operations of Edward Lansdale and John Paul Vann. The central purpose of this strategy was to destroy the political organization of the liberation movement in South Vietnam.

Then in 1964 came the Vietnamese response: the flowering of guerrilla war in the South, which overturned the American counter-insurgency effort and thus set the stage for the spurious but important war-peace debate of the Johnson-Goldwater campaign--the first in a row of Presidential elections in which the people voted for peace and elected war.

In the ensuing Johnson period, specifically responding to the failure of counter-insurgency, the U.S. command elaborated the strategy of pacification, coupled with the use of conventional land, sea, and air power. This strategy may be seen as a Johnsonian inversion of Mao's famous metaphor of revolutionary fish swimming in the great sea of the people.

The strategy of pacification involved most elementally, the effort to bottle up the Vietnamese in the major cities and concentration camps. This was to leave the guerrillas exposed in open country, vulnerable from the air and the ground.

The practical crux of this strategy was the ability of the American-Saigon forces to deny the guerrillas militarily useful access to the cities. Nothing could keep the VC cadres from moving among the people-sea, but pacificationists assumed the enemy could be controlled in the cities. As did Nixon in 1971, so Johnson in 1967 promised, indeed all but claimed, victory. Then came 1968. Another U.S. election season opened. Every supposedly pacified city in South Vietnam was stunned by the Tet offensive.

This military rebuttal of Johnson's pacification program led in the Nixon period to Vietnamization--the creation of a U.S.-style conventional South Vietnamese infantry backed by U.S. air and sea power. This absurd and now tragic army was possibly intended more as a political base for the otherwise baseless Saigon regime than as a serious combat force.

Outside the U.S. the ARVN's combat credibility was always low. Now, even the false front is gone, shattered on the road from Quang Tri, and another U.S. President finds himself entering an election year with only the shards remaining of a loudly over-sold strategy for 'peace.'

After each cycle, the U.S. command admits to losses but observes that the other side was hurt worse. This must be the case somehow since the Vietnamese liberation forces advance through a constant monsoon of explosions. Yet it misses the point. These offensives are like blows of a master swordsman, samurai-like in concentration, focus, will, conception and energy. They are fought like subtle arguments and their purpose is to create a new political relationship between the Vietnamese defenders and the American invaders by showing that the invader cannot establish social order (only where he stands), cannot choose his battles to suit his style, and must therefore ultimately exhaust himself.

Since the strategic opportunities for the U.S. are further reduced by each challenge, the result over the years is an inexorable movement around and within the war towards a world-scale collision of the super powers whose global differences penetrate the original conflict and partly determine its form.

Vietnam confronts America with America's own dynamically maturing Cold War contradictions.

As General Vo Nguyen Giap writes in a 1971 work, *National Liberation War in Vietnam* (Hanoi), "U.S. imperialism now sees its military theses collapse: 'Numbers decide victory,' 'equipment and armaments make victory,' 'the air force is the decisive factor! Gone is the myth of the 'fantastic might' of the U.S. army."

These "theses" of course do not collapse by themselves. They disintegrate in practice and unleash violence of a satanic magnitude. Yet, just as with the guerrilla campaigns of some eight years ago and the city risings of Tet in '68, the meaning of today's military-political crisis will be lost on those strategists in the Pentagon who look for their truth in comparative casualty statistics or numbers of cities held or square miles of territory occupied.

The crisis may of course peak and recede. North Vietnamese troops could slip off stage the way they slipped on.

But who can tell? The very soul of crisis is the heightened tendency of events to thicken and explode. The clock of the Middle East keeps its own time. The long-ripening European crisis could bloom tomorrow, as it erupted in France in '68 and in Czechoslovakia. Chinese and Russian vessels have been attacked or directly threatened by American planes and ships, as well as mines. As this goes to press, we do not know what their governments' responses will be. When the Cold War suddenly turns to a hot war with little warning, what indeed could not happen?

—continued on page 7

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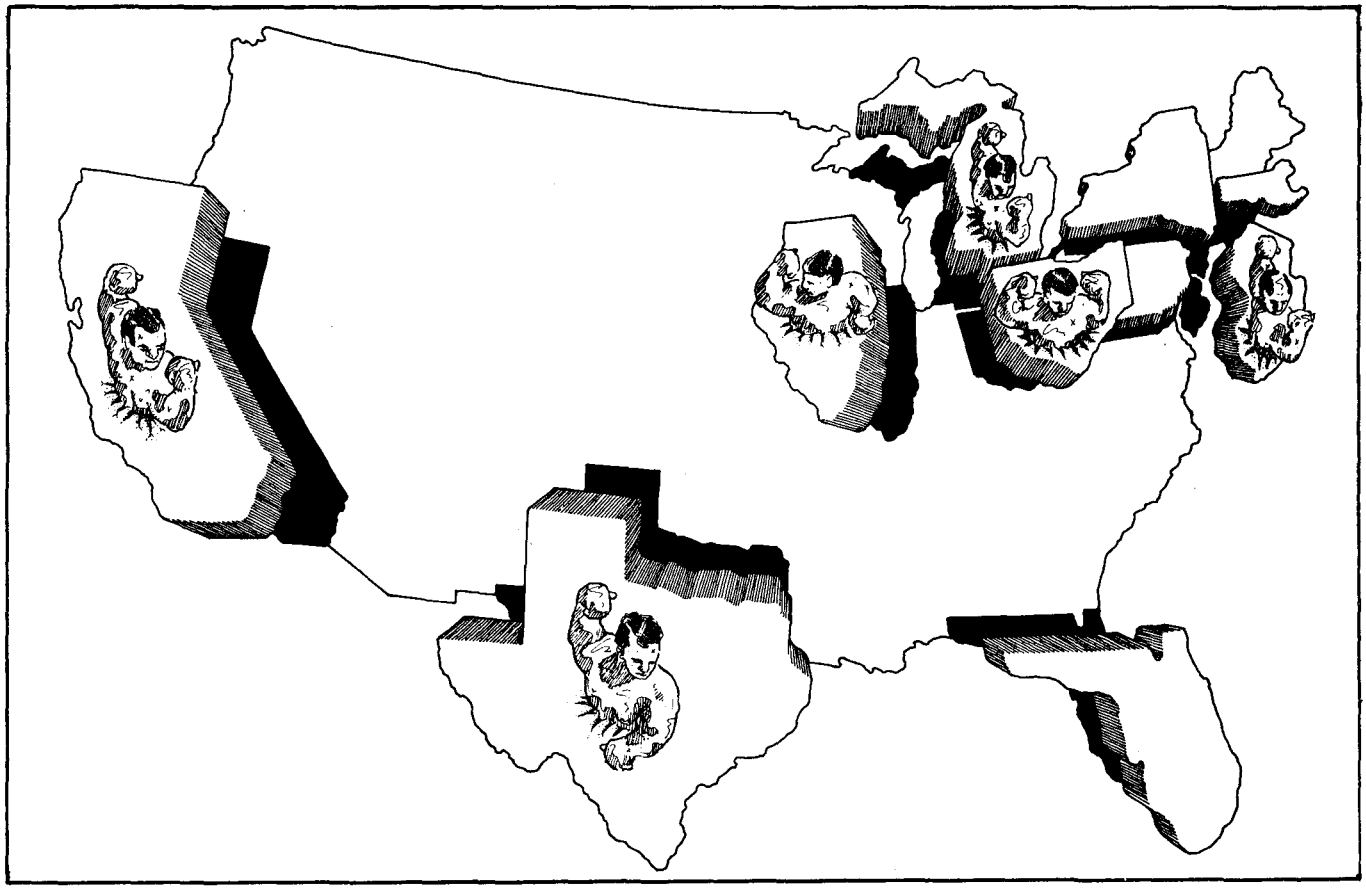
The Democrats: a winning strategy?

GEORGE MCGOVERN FACES a fight in November, but his prospects are not nearly so glum as the columnists make them out to be. According to a common theory the election will be decided by the vote in six large states—New Jersey, Ohio, Texas, California, Illinois, and Michigan—with the vote in Florida, Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania playing an important role.



These "megastates," as Neal Peirce called them in his book, *The Megastates of America*, cast 56 percent of the popular vote for President in 1968. When united they have never failed to decide a Presidential election, and their combined electoral strength is but 11 votes shy of an electoral college majority. In 1968, the loss of only one megastate would have deprived Nixon of victory.

A prominent theory among political reporters holds that this year Nixon can be expected to sweep the South, mountain states and probably take the farm belt states. By tradition the President can pretty much be expected to win in Vermont, Maine, New Hampshire, Indiana, Oregon; he has a good chance in Wisconsin, and in Delaware.

For their part, the Democrats probably can win Connecticut, Washington, Minnesota, Rhode Island, Maryland, West Virginia and South Dakota, if historic voting patterns hold true. In all, according to the theory, the Democrats will come out at best with 80 to 90 electoral votes among the smaller states. The Republicans, however, will not win sufficient electoral votes in their small state sweep to win the election. This leaves the vote in the 10 megastates as crucial. Of these McGovern, again on historical precedent, should take Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania. Florida is ceded to Nixon—it is normally a Republican state in Presidential elections—and it is presumed Nixon will get the cross-over Wallace vote in November.

But the outcome in the other six megastates is uncertain. What follows is a brief resumé of recent political events in these states which may have some bearing in the forthcoming election. And at any rate the information can serve as a background guide for following the ensuing machinations.

• Michigan, with 21 electoral votes, was Democratic during Presidential elections in the last decade, although the margins in 1960 and 1968 were relatively slim. The busing issue has apparently changed political opinion drastically in Nixon's favor. In early 1971 polls showed Muskie leading Nixon 63–21 percent. Since busing became an issue, Nixon moved up in the polls, and in recent months he has enjoyed a slight lead over McGovern.

The Democrats' chief hope here is to neutralize busing and play up the economy. That is what the state attorney general Frank Kelley will try to do in his race for the Senate against Robert Griffin. But Nixon will do eve-

Illustration by Tony Dubovsky

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rything possible to keep busing alive, even to the point of dispatching federal representatives to Michigan to help citizens fight off court orders requiring busing.

• New Jersey, with 17 electoral votes, was the only big eastern state Nixon carried in 1968 (Nixon, 1.3 million; Humphrey, 1.2 million). McGovern is given a good chance to carry New Jersey this year. Governor Cahill, who has a reputation as a progressive Republican, wants to keep the state's moderate Republicans as far away as possible from Nixon. (And after Cahill's top political aide got indicted for graft, Nixon presumably will want to stay away from Cahill.)

One reason for Cahill's attitude is the black response to Nixon. Peirce writes, "In 1968, typical urban black precincts gave the Nixon-Agnew ticket only 12 percent of their vote. But Senator Case got 33 percent of the vote in 1966, and Cahill 30 percent in the 1969 governorship election."

In 1970 the Republicans set out to win the seat of Democratic Senator Harrison Williams, who was not especially well known in the state, and thought to be in political trouble because he had admitted to problem drinking. The Republican candidate, state chairman Nelson Gross, opened the predictable Nixon-Agnew law-and-order attack on Williams. Williams refused to reply to Gross and instead stressed unemployment. When Senator Ralph Yarborough was defeated in the Texas primary, labor swung strongly behind Williams, who stood to fill Yarborough's position as head of the Senate labor committee. Nixon and Agnew both stumped for Gross, but Williams won in a landslide with a 250,000-vote margin. Even in hard-hat areas such as Middlesex county, he won by 34,000 votes. After the election, moderate Republican Senator Clifford Case went after Gross for parroting the Nixon hard line on law and order, to which he attributed Gross's defeat.

• In Ohio, 26 electoral votes, McGovern has a modest chance. Nixon's plurality in the state declined from 240,000 in 1960 to 90,000 in 1968. The state Republican party has been embroiled in controversy and corruption. On the other hand, Democratic Governor John Gilligan is moderately progressive and well liked, and he should work hard for McGovern.

Ohio ought to be a Democratic state. A large population of eastern and southern Europeans and blacks are clustered in numerous cities. The business of the state is heavy industry and labor is unionized, but Ohio lacks a dominant city and there is no coalescing force for a Democratic vote. The labor unions go their own way, and are mostly interested in bread-and-butter issues. The state Democratic party is balkanized with local leaders pursuing their own interests.

Historically, Ohio is conservative; the press is solidly Republican. The businessmen know they are a small elite and work shrewdly to ensure they stay on top. In addition, under GOP boss Ray Bliss, the party was fashioned into an effective instrument for political conquest.

But in recent years Ohio has undergone changes. First of all, former Governor Rhodes' scheme to lure industry into the state with the slogan, "profit is not a dirty word in Ohio," backfired. He got in industry alright, but it was heavy, automated industry which contributed to unemployment.

Then the GOP was plunged into a major corruption controversy. Leading members of the party, including Governor Rhodes himself, were disclosed to have received campaign contributions from a Columbus firm called Crofters, Inc. Crofters had arranged for various companies, including King Enterprises of Denver, to receive hundreds of thousands of dollars in loans from the state treasury.

And so in 1970 Gilligan swept the state in his race for Governor, collecting a plurality of 340,000 votes. All statewide GOP candidates, save three, went down to defeat.

In Ohio, McGovern has put together a tight organization, built of former McCarthy and Humphrey people and including numerous well-to-do ladies from the suburbs. The latter generally vote Republican but are fed up with Nixon. The youth vote will be an additional factor for McGovern—especially in the Cleveland area.

• Illinois, 26 electoral votes, is another key state where a variety of factors ought under ordinary circumstances to work in Nixon's favor. Nixon lost the state to Kennedy in 1960 by 8000 odd votes, but he beat Humphrey there by 200,000 votes in 1968.

The state is usually believed to be divided evenly with the Chicago metropolitan area going Democrat and downstate Republican. This, however, is no longer the case, and the Chicago suburbs, independent Republican in tendency, seem to hold the swing vote in the state.

Nixon should pull the traditionally strong downstate vote. Daley's trouncing in the Democratic primary suggests his machine is on the wane, and there should be a lower than usual vote in Cook County which should help the Republicans. More important, Nixon's foreign policy initiative will stand him in good stead with the independent-minded, moderate Republicans in Chicago's suburbs. On the other hand, these voters are switched off by the Agnew law and order and, if the Republicans engage in a smear, Nixon's suburban Chicago pluralities might be reduced.

Notwithstanding Nixon's strength, McGovern has a decent chance in Illinois. Adlai Stevenson II ran well in the Chicago suburbs in his Senate race as did independent-minded Democratic candidate for Governor Dan Walker in this year's primary.

Stevenson's Senate victory is an indication of what the Democrats might be able to repeat if things go well for them. Stevenson reconciled with Mayor Daley before the contest got seriously under way. He faced a typical Illinois Republican in Ralph Taylor Smith, backed by all the wealth of W. Clement Stone, the Chicago insurance mogul. Smith set out to link Stevenson with Jerry Rubin, and this attempt flopped with the upper-income, well-educated voters. Stevenson pulled 58 percent of the votes, winning a 545,000 majority. He ran well in the Chicago suburbs, and carried traditionally Republican cities such as Peoria and Rockford.

On the other hand, Republicans may play it smart this time by posting federal marshals at ballot boxes in Chicago to protect against voting "irregularities." This in itself might reduce the Democratic vote by a sizeable margin.

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• Texas, with 26 electoral votes, is generally expected to go Republican, in large part because the Connally establishment appears to be tight with Nixon. But trends here are muddy, and things may not be so simple as they at first seem. Humphrey barely carried Texas in 1968, and neither Connally nor Johnson helped him out. At the time, Connally was viewed as a sort of de facto campaign manager for Nixon, a role the Governor piously denied. While Texas money is important in financing national Presidential campaigns, it usually goes to the Republicans anyway, and does not represent many votes within Texas itself.

There is always the possibility that the liberal, black, Chicano vote can be stitched together into a Democratic victory. And while this may appear a distant goal, events suggest it is not a total impossibility. The combined liberal vote should be sharply increased insofar as the courts recently tossed out a law requiring annual re-registration of voters. McGovern's biggest hope is that the sizeable student vote will turn out for him, and that he will not be openly boycotted by the AFL.

He can draw some encouragement from the surprise showing of liberal Sissy Farenthold in the race for Governor. Ms. Farenthold drew 28 percent of the vote in the first run, then lost a run-off to conservative moneybags Dolph Brisoe. Her near victory in the primary was a sharp rebuke by the voters to the Connally-LBJ establishment, whose candidate Ben Barnes got only 18 percent and dropped out of the race.

• In California, 45 electoral votes, McGovern's big hope is to organize the new youth vote, which is expected to increase the existing 14.2 million voters by some two million votes. Sixty percent of that two million is believed to be pro-McGovern. This could be sufficient to turn the state Democratic.

TO SPECULATE FURTHER: If Texas and Florida are given to Nixon, and McGovern has a fighting chance in New Jersey, Ohio, New York, California, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, then the two pivotal states, where everything is up in the air, are Michigan and Illinois. In both states the "old politics," as the commentators call it, has not given way to the "new politics." In both places old-line political organizations, i.e., machines, unions, etc., have considerable influence.

The above detail suggests that McGovern probably will be helped, not hindered, by an all-out, Agnew-type smear campaign. In 1970 that sort of tactic simply irritated independent Republicans, turning them to independent Democrats. People do seem to be getting sick of politicians who say one thing, then do the opposite, masking the whole in slick media presentation. McGovern has good political instincts and an openness which should help to stand this stuff on its head.

But McGovern probably should be running more on the economy, less on the war. As a senator he was fairly weak in domestic policies, and while Nixon's domestic policies, such as they are, have generally failed, McGovern has not been at the forefront in attacking them. Last year, when urged to adopt a much more Naderite tone in domestic politics, McGovern refused, and insisted on concentrating his fire on foreign policy. McGovern will surely need all the help he can get from unions—weak or split as they may be—in states like New Jersey, Michigan, Ohio and Illinois.

But in the end, McGovern's best hope for winning lies in the organization he built for the primaries, which in a state like Ohio is already regarded as a powerful political tool.

—JIM RIDGEWAY

pet explosion

THE AMERICAN HUMANE SOCIETY estimates that there are currently about 34 million dogs and 34 million cats residing in the United States, out of a total pet population of about 700 million, including everything from reptiles to raccoons to fish. That makes for about three animals for every person in America. New York City alone boasts some 600,000 dogs—or more dogs than there are people in the state of Delaware.

The American people feed these pets to the tune of $1.5 billion worth of pet food every year, according to the pet food institute. That's about twice as much as they spent on baby food. As for burial services, the National Association of Pet Cemeteries says there are currently 400 animal cemeteries around the United States. Buried in one of these small plots in Southern California is "Checkers" the pet dog of the Nixon menagerie who passed away a few years back.

last lash

DELAWARE RECENTLY became the last state in the Union to outlaw the public whipping post. Although there have been no whippings in Delaware in 20 years, whipping had been quite common until the 1930s for such crimes as wife-beating and picking pockets. Sentences usually ranged from 10 to 60 lashes with a cat o'nine tails.

instant justice

LOS ANGELES POLICE Chief Ed Davis has come up with a clever scheme for dealing with hijackers. Says he: "I would recommend that we have a portable courtroom on a big bus and a portable gallows, and after we get the death penalty put back in, we conduct a rapid trial for a hijacker out there and then we hang him with due process of law out there at the airport."

cicero grass

AMORPHIA, THE "Cannabis Cooperative," which is pushing for the repeal of all marijuana laws, reports it has learned that certain business interests in Cicero, Ill., are attempting to trademark the names "Acapulco Gold" and "Panamanian Red" for wines. It seems that *Trademark Alert*, a publication which keeps track of brand name applications, reported in its Sept. 17, 1971 edition that a Cicero outfit called "Triple Crown Enterprises" filed for the name on April 22, 1971. The applicants were identified individually as Salvatore Lombardo, Joseph Lombardo, and George Foley. Their hometown was once famous as the city controlled by Al Capone and the Chicago mob.

(Continued on Page 62)

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Seoul's Hired Guns

by James Otis

THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS who work with them in Vietnam speak respectfully of the "ROK Marines." Technically, ROK indicates their place of origin—the Republic of Korea (South Korea). But the Americans utter the term as if it were "Rock," and as though it referred to their physical conditioning and the state of their sensibilities: as soldiers they are brutal, licentious and they get results. Militarily, they are trusted by the American high command, which—in the current fighting—has assigned them the responsibility of keeping the vital An Khe Pass open and preventing South Vietnam from being split in half.

Some 37,000 of these troops are presently engaged in South Vietnam. Referred to pretentiously as "allies," their involvement is said to arise from ideological commitment to the cause of freedom, national self-interest, or some other self-serving platitude. In fact, they are latter-day Samurai, hired guns of the Orient, who have sold their services to Washington for the duration.

To be specific, the normal salary of a ROK army private is $1.60 a month. But if that private elects to serve in Vietnam, he can earn 23 times that amount, or $37.50 a month. In one day, he earns almost as much as he would have made in a whole month had he remained in his homeland—courtesy, to be sure, of the American taxpayer. The middleman of this operation is the government of South Korea, which receives a kickback of well over $300 million per year for the service.

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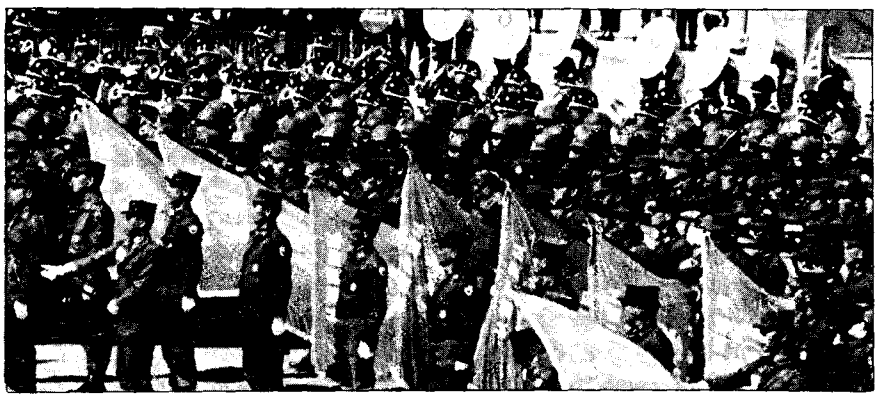

Such "allies" are to mercenaries what a "protective reaction raid" is to an unprovoked strike and what an "incursion" is to an invasion—namely, the same thing.

For some time now, persistent reports have linked these mercenary Koreans to brutalities in Vietnam which would make Rusty Calley blush. In June, the *Alternative Feature Service* (AFS) of Berkeley, California released a heretofore secret study by the RAND Corporation, entitled — innocuously enough—"Mention of Korean Troop Activities in RAND Interviews," and thereby made public what the American government has known for at least six years. The 1966 document is replete with these stories of barbarity which Americans have learned how to take in and ignore:

• "When they came to the VC-controlled areas . . . they raped the women in those areas. There were times they killed the women after they had raped them. I heard just recently women were raped and killed. The people were so frightened of the Korean troops, they didn't dare to stay in their homes but moved away." (from a National Liberation Front deserter)

• ". . . only 50 villagers still lagged behind. Most of them were women, children and elderly people. The Korean soldiers rounded them up in one place. The people thought that they were to be evacuated to the GVN-controlled areas by helicopters. . . . The Koreans suddenly pointed their guns at the crowd and opened fire. Only two babies of two and three survived. They crawled on their mothers' bellies." (from a refugee)

• ". . . when the Korean troops came, they called all the old women and children down in the trenches to come up. Then these people were told to sit in circles. Afterward, the Korean troops machine-gunned them." (from an NLF prisoner)

• "Everybody agreed that the Koreans were barbarous. They went on operations without interpreters going along. They killed at random without distinguishing between the rights and wrongs. Some people said it was because the VC mixed themselves with the villagers, and thus the Koreans couldn't help making a mistake. I don't think their reasoning was right. I don't see why the Koreans should kill the children. Kids of two, three, or even five or seven years weren't VC. They also burned the paddy and the people's houses. They burned the cow pens and the animals inside too. Cows are certainly not VC!" (from a refugee)

The introduction to the document notes that "no effort has been made to ascertain the veracity of the statements made by the interviewees." And AFS quotes former RAND analyst Melvin Gurtov as saying that the report was "a draft circulated for comments . . . as opposed to a published study." It would be a mistake to surmise, however, that this report outlines the full extent of the U.S. government's information about South Korean murders in Vietnam. On the contrary, American officials have received at least three other major reports on the subject.

On January 10, 1970, A. Terry Rambo, a graduate student at the University of Hawaii, told the *New York Times* that he had reported the extensive killing of civilians by South Korean troops to U.S. Army officers in Vietnam in 1966, but the information had been suppressed. Rambo and two colleagues, Jerry M. Tinker and John D. Lenoir, were researchers for Human Sciences Research (HSR), Inc., McLean, Virginia, on a refugee interview project for the Pentagon's Advanced Research Projects Agency.

Rambo took the atrocity information to American officials in Vietnam. He briefed a "group of ranking American officers in Saigon about the report." The result: Rambo was "ordered by a general officer of the MACV [Military Assistance Command, Vietnam] staff to cease investigating the Koreans—and no mention of it was to be made in our reports."

The Rambo team prepared two reports, one without atrocity information, one with it. This was done, according to Tinker, because they "knew that if our report contained anything about murders it would be classified and cubbyholed some place." The "clean" version was published in July 1967 as "The Refugee Situation in Phu-Yen Province, Vietnam." (In January 1970, the Pentagon denied that even this report had been completed!) The atrocity version was submitted

Photographs by Wide World

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to the Department of Defense (DOD) and immediately classified Secret. Entitled "Korean Marine Behavior Toward Vietnamese Civilians in Phu-Yen Province," the report is locked away in the Pentagon. The DOD refuses to make it public or even provide a copy to the Senate Subcommittee on Escapees and Refugees. The Congress is permitted only to pay for the Korean troops, not to monitor their brutal indiscretions.

A second compilation of alleged Korean atrocities was submitted to the U.S. government in 1969. Francis J. West, a RAND analyst, interviewed refugees in Vietnam in November 1968 as part of a study of the pacification program. West became "convinced instances of brutality" had occurred after hearing "twelve stories in fifteen minutes" in one village. "The stories made us feel that the theme was too pervasive and specific for us to dismiss it," West stated. In December 1969, West reported his findings to the government and spoke directly to then Undersecretary of State Elliot Richardson, among others.

Yet a third series of reports was made to the State Department by a Foreign Service Officer who served in Vietnam and accumulated his own "file of documented atrocities including photographs." These reports, about the ROK Marines from 1967 to 1970, came to light in the State Department's own semi-official *Foreign Service Journal* in December 1971 by a former colleague, John Marks (the article was published under the pseudonym of John Claymore; Marks subsequently acknowledged his authorship). According to Marks, the unidentified officer "has written extensive reports on the apparent war crimes he investigated in Vietnam. As far as he knows, no action has ever been taken to punish the guilty."

Josiah Bennett, Director of the Department of State's Vietnam Working Group, replied in the January 1972 *Foreign Service Journal*. Having "personally looked up the file," Bennett wrote that "State took action on the reports it received from various sources regarding these alleged atrocities and that MACV, along with our Embassy in Saigon, sought to get to the bottom of the allegations and to have corrective action taken." However, Bennett is silent on the major charge "that no action has ever been taken to punish the guilty."

Thus even when a rare, conscience-stricken American official blows the whistle on Korean atrocities, the rest of the U.S. bureaucracy and the South Korean government can prevent disciplinary action. The Bennett reply at least verified copious, documented reports of South Korean murders and acknowledged some U.S. responsibility for U.S.-financed foreign troops in Indochina.

This was indeed an unusual occurrence. Persistent though the reports have been, appallingly gruesome as the eyewitness accounts are, the American government has yet made no systematic effort to investigate the charges, let alone bring about the trial and punishment of the South Koreans responsible. On the contrary, it denies any responsibility or intention of doing either. As Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird stated the case on "Face the Nation" on January 11, 1970: "The South Korean forces, of course, are not a responsibility of General Abrams. We do not have a unified command. . . . And this is a matter that would have to be handled by the South Vietnamese government in connection with the Korean government."

The Saigon and Seoul regimes are about as likely to act on South Korean atrocities as Secretary Laird is to hijack a B-52 and defect to Hanoi. President Thieu denied that a massacre had occurred at My Lai even after the facts were public and the Pentagon was admitting it. The South Korean government of President Park Chung Hee maintains there has been no troop misconduct during eight years in Vietnam, completely censors press coverage of the war, and rejects all inquiries out of hand. (This has not deterred the Pentagon from directing such questions to the military *attaché* at the ROK Embassy. Catch 22.)

The plain fact of the matter is that the American high command—from General Abrams to President Nixon—knows that ROK troops pillage and murder and rape civilians as part of their normal operations in Vietnam. The United States recruited these troops. It trained them, fed them, clothed them, and armed them. It transported them to Vietnam, consigned them an area of operations, flew them into combat, gave the artillery, air, and logistical support, and pays them —and their government—a huge fee for their services. If now the U.S. government does nothing to halt their unchecked brutality, then it condones and authorizes such activities.

[II]

No doubt American officials have restrained themselves from acting on the atrocity question partially because they do not wish to offend the South Koreans at a time when the ROK Marines figure prominently in U.S. plans to hold the line in Asia. All 37,000 South Korean troops in Vietnam are infantry combat forces, not support or logistical units, and, now that American troops have been withdrawn, they play a crucial role in the area. Beyond Vietnam, the ROK Army provides substance to the Nixon Doctrine of using Asians in place of Americans in Asian wars.

This situation is curiously reminiscent of the one which the United States came upon at the start of its Indochinese involvement, in the early 1950s. Then, however, it was the French who were using Asians and Africans to fight Asian and African wars, and the U.S. was merely picking up the tab. Now, after two decades of war and diplomatic maneuvering, history has come full circle. The French Expeditionary Force has been replaced with an American Expeditionary Force—a mercenary army led by American professionals and filled out with hired gunmen from client states. It is not a result which U. S. diplomats sought, but rather one which the U.S. had been forced into by the strength of the resistance in Indochina.

By the time of Dien Bien Phu, the U.S. all but owned the French Expeditionary Force. Besides having allocated $785 million to the French for "budgetary support," to help with the "pay, food and allowances for these troops," the United States had also provided $440 million in military equipment.

As it became clear that the French

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Richard Plays Realtor in San Clemente

Not long ago
Julie and Tricia gave
President Nixon a surfboard
for a present.
Some would say
this was like giving the Pope
a waterbed, but they may
have had reasons. . . .

THE CHOICE OF a summer White House always reveals a great deal about the President as an ordinary human being, even a President whose ordinary humanity is as elusive as Richard M. Nixon's. From the selection of a President's vacation spot, we learn where he really wants to live, what kind of neighbors he prefers, what he wants to do with his spare time, how he fixes up his surroundings. At the White House these choices are all made for a President. Custom, protocol, and the physical presence of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue as a kind of national monument all dictate how he is to live, and even what pictures he can put on the wall. But while the Washington White House tends to standardize its occupant, the Summer White House has distinctive imagery that helps define the individual character and direction of each Presidency:

John F. Kennedy, the Irish aristocrat yachting gracefully off the family compound at Hyannis Port.

General Eisenhower golfing at Camp David, basking in the afterglow of military nostalgia from nearby Gettysburg.

Harry Truman playing poker and getting drunk with his pals at Hot Springs, Arkansas.

LBJ barreling down the trackless steppes of the LBJ ranch in his Lincoln Continental, beer cans flying out the electric windows as he heads into the Texas void.

At first glance, in the case of Nixon and his summer residence at San Clemente, it's not so easy to see the place as a reflection of the man and his administration. Outside of spectator sports, Nixon has no hobbies. His cement walls protect him from his neighbors and he's had the 14-room Spanish stucco house that came with the old Cotton Estate redecorated by the Los Angeles firm of Cannell and Chaffin (in gold and yellow—Pat's choice of warm colors). Still there are a few personal touches at San Clemente to give us some of the Nixonian *gestalt:* from the great plastic wall that separates the Nixon family swimming pool from the ocean front, to the artificial flowers—manufactured in Japan—that have replaced the soil-grown variety, to the red lacquered picture of the Mekong Delta that hangs over the double bed in the Presidential bedroom.

by Robert Fitch

Photos by Don Peterson

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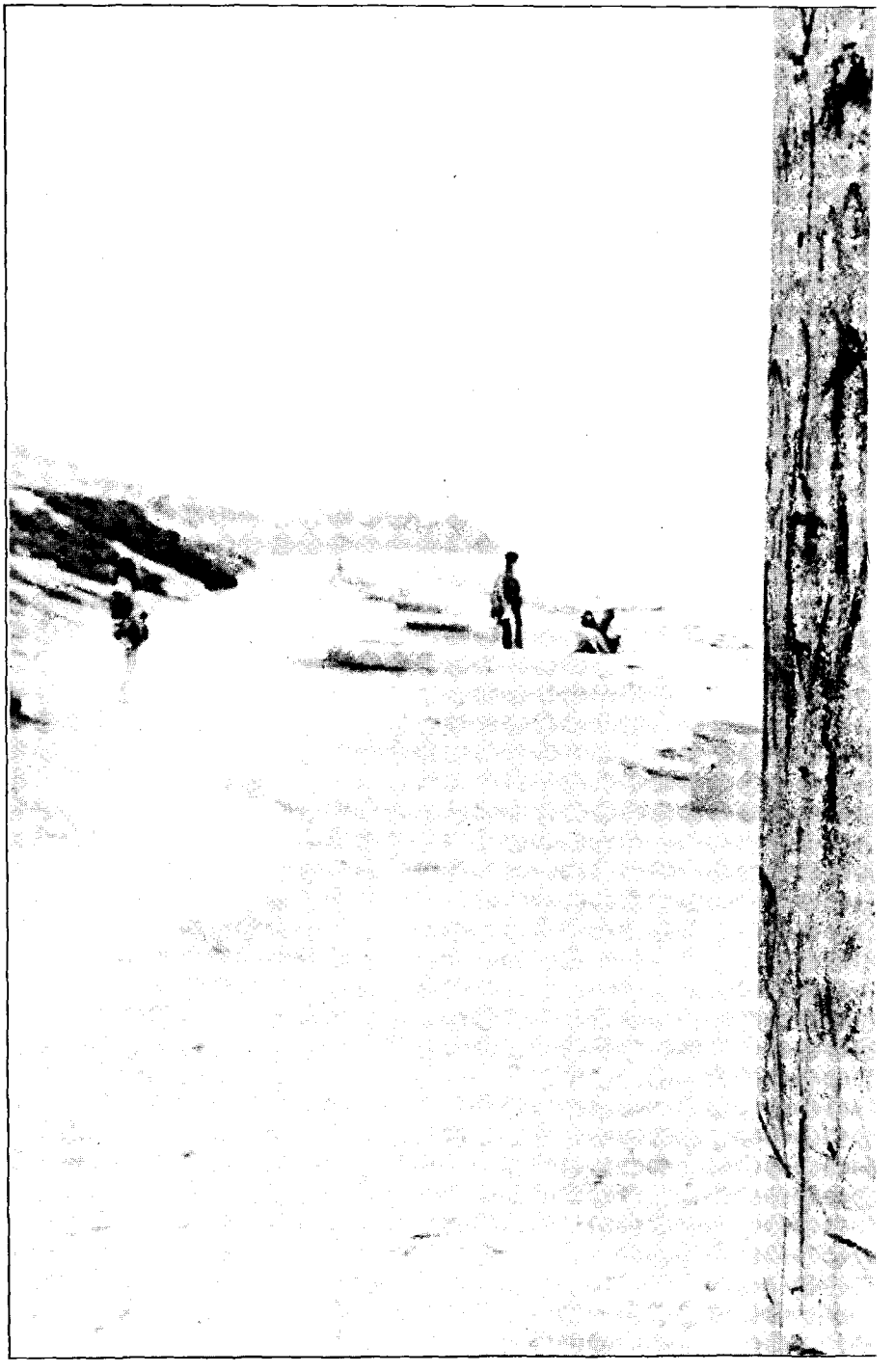
Still the question remains, what does the man do to relax? What does he do when he's not playing world or national politics? The answer is that he plays local beach politics. Sadly enough, it's just not like Nixon to come to the surf, sand and sun of San Clemente for its own sake. But the man can't help it. He's a compulsive politico. An obsessive finagler. From the behaviorist point of view, the Summer White House episodes in Nixon's life show that if you change his environment, if you take him out of the steam-room pressures of Washington, D.C. and put him on vacation under the languid San Clemente sun, nothing changes. He still maneuvers, still finds it hard to be spontaneous. The only way Nixon can relate to nature is to turn it into some ersatz political issue or into a real estate development.



THIS AT LEAST is what happened when Nixon hit the beach at San Clemente on a lot he bought bordering the Camp Pendleton Marine Reservation. Before Nixon arrived in San Clemente, there were plans to make a public beach out of the northern corner of Camp Pendleton bordering what turned out to be the Western White House. Nixon killed the plan. He didn't want any hippies kicking sand on his beach. At the same time it would obviously be bad to get caught playing king of the sand castle in recreation-conscious southern California, where little enough public beach exists as it is.

So Nixon ordered the Marines to give up another part of their beach farther south. But the Marines didn't want to. They needed it, they said, to train for amphibious assaults. Besides, as it turned out, they were already secretly leasing part of the beach to a small group of wealthy Southern California businessmen. Before Nixon's beach trick was turned, the whole crazy *mischpoche* of California Republican politicos had gotten into the act, including Ronald Reagan, Senator George "Tapdance" Murphy, Congressman Alphonzo Bell from Santa Monica, and the Orange County John Birch *apparat*.

In the resulting confusion, Nixon thought he saw an opportunity to seize the time by seizing the land—3400 acres of Camp Pendleton bordering his back yard—and turn it over to residential "developers." Had Nixon been successful, some of the property might have wound up under the control of the little-known Richard M. Nixon Foundation. The Foundation, which has land bordering Camp Pendleton held in trust for possible purchase, is currently searching Orange County for 200 acres on which to build a Nixon memorial library. But Nixon's little move didn't work. He got caught with his hand in the cookie jar by the Real Estate Subcommittee of the House Armed Services Committee.

The upshot, however, is no scandal of ITT proportions—just another attempt to combine political wheeling with petty real estate promotion *à la* Nixon's Florida land deals with Bebe Rebozo. Still, it's an exemplary tale: Another load of ready-mix to form the Via Ricardo as it stretches hard and long across middle America. A Republican Congressman and otherwise

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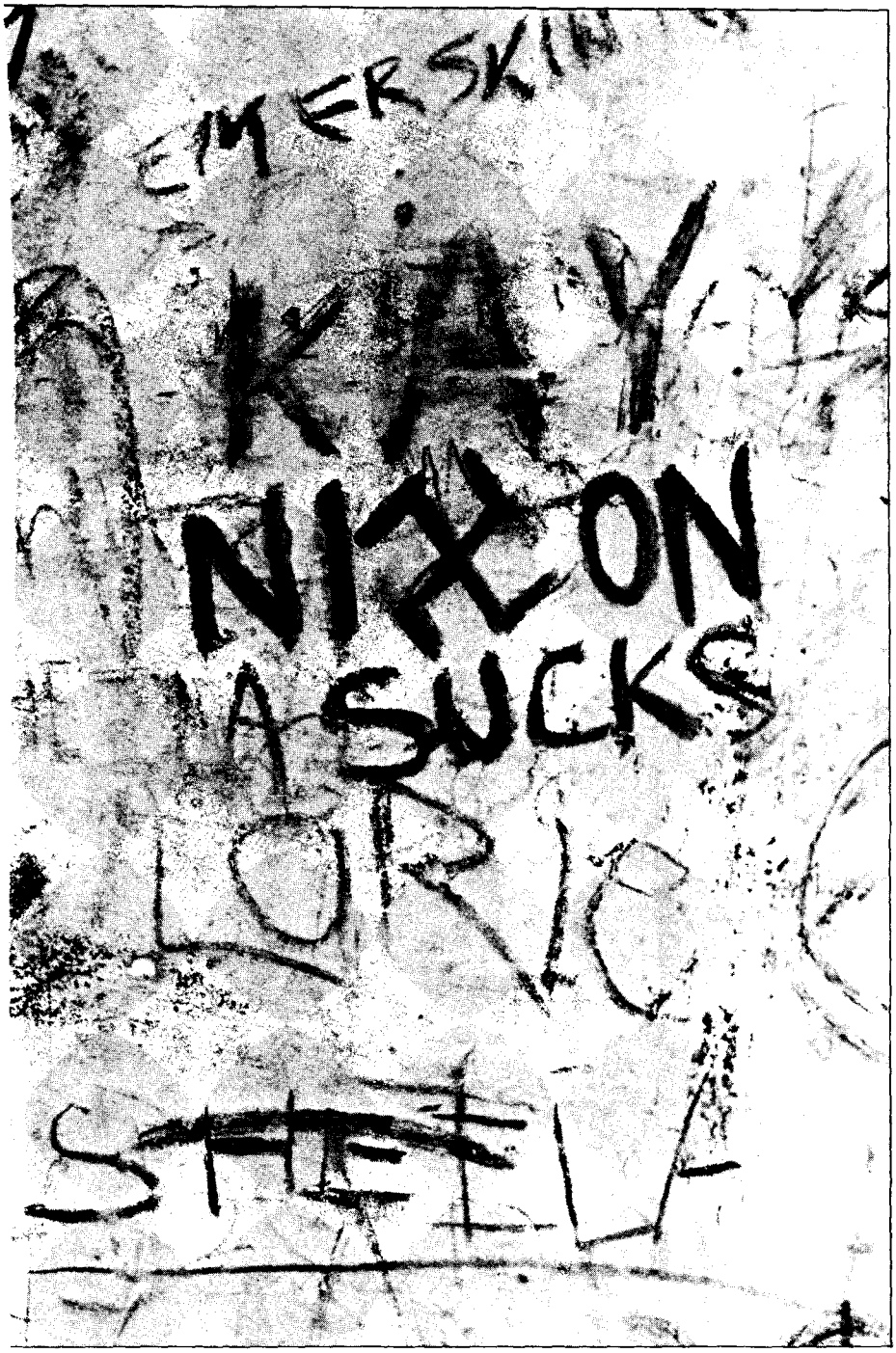

staunch Nixon supporter put it rather charitably. "Let's say it just smells a little bad in a way. Maybe the odor isn't like it seems. But it doesn't seem like too pleasant an odor, this whole matter."

* * *

LOOKING BACK TO SEE how the peculiar odor hanging over Nixon's beach got there in the first place, one is struck by its seemingly accidental character. It appears as if in choosing San Clemente Nixon was trying to get away from politics, away from people altogether. But so it is with all fundamentally neurotic behavior patterns: if you could either escape them or truly enjoy them, they wouldn't be neurotic. And Nixon can't help playing politics, even on so unspotlighted and unlikely a stage as San Clemente. The small coastal retirement city tucked in the southeast corner of ultra-conservative Orange County has perfect demographics. Population

An 800-pound bust of Richard Nixon, which for months remained unsold in San Clemente.

18,000; Blacks—0.01 percent; "Other" —0.77 percent.

Along with the favorable statistics, the physical lay-out of Nixon's five-acre plot on the old Cotton Estate seemed to insure almost total privacy. Bounded on the west and south by Camp Pendleton, the Nixon manse fronted the ocean on the west. And whatever exposure to ordinary people Nixon faced on his eastern flanks he remedied by keeping the remaining twenty acres of

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Confronting Stalin's Ghost: The Soviet Left Today

by Louis Menashe

IN A BURST OF PROPHETIC VERSE published a month before American pilots mined North Vietnamese waters, Yevgeny Yevtushenko, one-time iconoclast and now somewhere between harmless house radical and occasional if muted voice of protest within the establishment, wrote for the Soviet youth magazine *Yunost:*

Russia and America, your way
to each other is complicated,
but I believe that through all
the filth or mines, we will
float to each other,
we will float,
and we will embrace as in May
of '45, but this time—
I believe—
forever.

Yevtushenko's mines were the "moss-covered mines of mistrust," not the assorted acoustical, magnetic, and pressure types of more recent American vintage bobbing around in the Gulf of Tonkin. Still, Yevtushenko's lines suggest a poetic scenario for the June summit conference in Moscow: *Brezhnev and Nixon floating on the mined waters and then up, up, up over the shelled and bombed coastline, over the high-flying B-52s, over the fire-swept skies of all Indochina, westward over the massed armies at the Sino-Soviet frontier, over the Mordovian labor camps in central Russia, to meet in beefy yet weightless embrace high over the Great Kremlin Palace. FOREVER.*

Here is another prophetic image, this one from a source written but not published in the USSR in 1968 by the brave academician Andrei D. Sakharov, brilliant physicist and tireless civil libertarian. Sakharov, too, has the main protagonists soaring high over earthly battles to converge, by the year 2000, in a collaborative effort to eliminate oppression, hunger, the threat of nuclear annihilation, national divisions, disease, and racism. Sakharov's "socialist convergence" proceeds through four partly overlapping stages, each with a projected timetable. In stage three the Soviet Union and the United States, "having overcome their alienation," engage in a gigantic economic and scientific program to save the world's poor. Simultaneously, disarmament is arranged. The start of stage three: 1972.

As if determined to meet the timetable sketched out in Sakharov's scenario, Nixon and Brezhnev concluded a week of amicable diplomacy with agreements on the joint exploration of space, cooperation on health and environment, and, above all, with a treaty limiting strategic arms. The major deviations from the script are that these mutual programs were devised not by the "leftist reformist wing of the bourgeoisie" in the U.S., nor by the "realistic forces of leftist Leninist communists" in the USSR, as Sakharov projected. Even as he was preparing to go to Miscow, Nixon was ferociously assaulting Hanoi. Even as he was preparing to collaborate with Nixon, Brezhnev was cracking down on dissidents, including some of Sakharov's comrades in the struggle for "socialist legality." Such ironies of our epoch are not new. Nixon exchanging toasts with Podgorny is perhaps not quite as lurid a spectacle as Ribbentrop and Stalin in Moscow in 1939, if only because we have by now come to expect the Soviets to behave with a sense of unadorned national self-interest calculated ahead of the morale or well-being of communist movements abroad. ("One Soviet tractor is worth more than ten foreign communists" was a quip heard around the Moscow-dominated Communist International back in the 1930s.)

No one can deny the Soviets their right to choose very carefully, in this age when technological machismo and bellicose notions of national honor rule in Washington, between the risks and costs to their own people and their anti-

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imperialist obligations. The policy dilemmas flowing from the need to weigh national advantage against international revolutionary considerations are inherent to a socialist state in an unevenly balanced world. They were present at the very birth of the Soviet republic when Lenin's government rejected the idea of carrying a revolutionary war into Central Europe, and decided to accept German peace terms n order to preserve Bolshevik power. Fifty-four years later, though the Soviet state is immeasurably stronger and no longer isolated, the same dilemmas exist. What *can* be called into question, and in the first instance by the Soviet people themselves, is what constitutes the Soviet national interest and who defines it. Such a challenge lies at the heart of the resurgence of dissent in Russia during the past decade and a half. The history of this period illuminates both the nature of the protest movement and the state of the Soviet Union.

[THE FLOODGATES ARE OPENED]

OPEN POLITICAL OPPOSITION in the USSR ended in 1929 when the "Right Opposition" recanted its "mistakes" in the pages of *Pravda*. Some three decades later, it began a slow and cautious revival. Khrushchev's secret speech to the 20th Party Congress — which, incidentally, remains unpublished in the Soviet Union — is in fact the charter document for revised attitudes toward the Soviet past. Khrushchev's motives, then as later, were complex but probably political in the main. In the words of one analyst, he "undertook to destroy [his opponents'] political power by discrediting their historical images." Here he revealed himself as a bold and imaginative master of Soviet political life, which, since Stalin's time, has seen history used as an important adjunct to the ruling process. The problem, especially with respect to accounts of developments within the Party, was that, to quote Voltaire, history became the lie commonly agreed to. Whatever his motives, Khrushchev began to turn that lie around, if only partially.

A history-publishing flood followed Khrushchev's decision to lift the lid on the past. Many archives were thrown open, the list of forbidden books was shortened, new journals appeared, and the limits of controversy, in print and at symposia, were notably expanded. Non-persons (even Trotsky) began appearing in neutral narrative; others were fully rehabilitated. Debates raged, the likes of which had not been seen in the USSR since the '20s, over such issues as the role of violence in the Revolution, the place of the Mensheviks and Socialist Revolutionaries in revolutionary history, the character and behavior of the Bolsheviks, in addition to disputes over the historical Stalin.

However, the flood was never able to breach the dikes of Party constraint. The fear, even under Khrushchev, of "going too far" with revisionist history was too great to allow the flood to perform its full irrigating and fertilizing potential. (The Soviet cultural intelligentsia still speaks of the feeling of "five minutes to freedom" which characterized the Khrushchev period. It was rumored at one point that the Party was about to abolish censorship in all the arts, but held back, reportedly because the bosses still couldn't bring themselves to stomach modernism.)

Yevgeny Yevtushenko

EVEN SO, THE '50s WAS A PERIOD of cultural and intellectual ferment in the USSR. Out of it has come a weak, fragmented, and ideologically diffuse but nonetheless palpable movement of political opposition. In 1968 Major General Pyotr Grigorenko delivered what was probably the most radical public thrust at the regime since the '20s. Speaking at the funeral of his friend, the writer Alexei Kosterin, Grigorenko denounced the "totalitarianism that hides behind the mask of so-called Soviet democracy." He reminded the 300 mourners present that Kosterin "tirelessly repeated Lenin's words, 'There is nothing harsher and more soulless than a bureaucratic machine.' Therefore he believed that a communist had no higher task than to destroy this machine."

Earlier that year seven men and women unfurled banners in Red Square denouncing the invasion of Czechoslovakia. When a bust of Stalin was set up at the Kremlin wall in 1970, a protest leaflet was circulated signed "Committee of the Struggle for Socialist Democracy." (That same year, a portrait of Stalin was repeatedly torn down at a Lenin Jubilee exhibit in Moscow.) At Moscow and Leningrad Universities groups calling themselves Marxists and Leninists have turned up; one at Leningrad University published an underground journal called *Kolokol (The Bell)*, the name of the newspaper published in London exile by the first great Russian socialist and populist, Alexander Herzen, a century

Photograph by Eugene Anthony / Black Star

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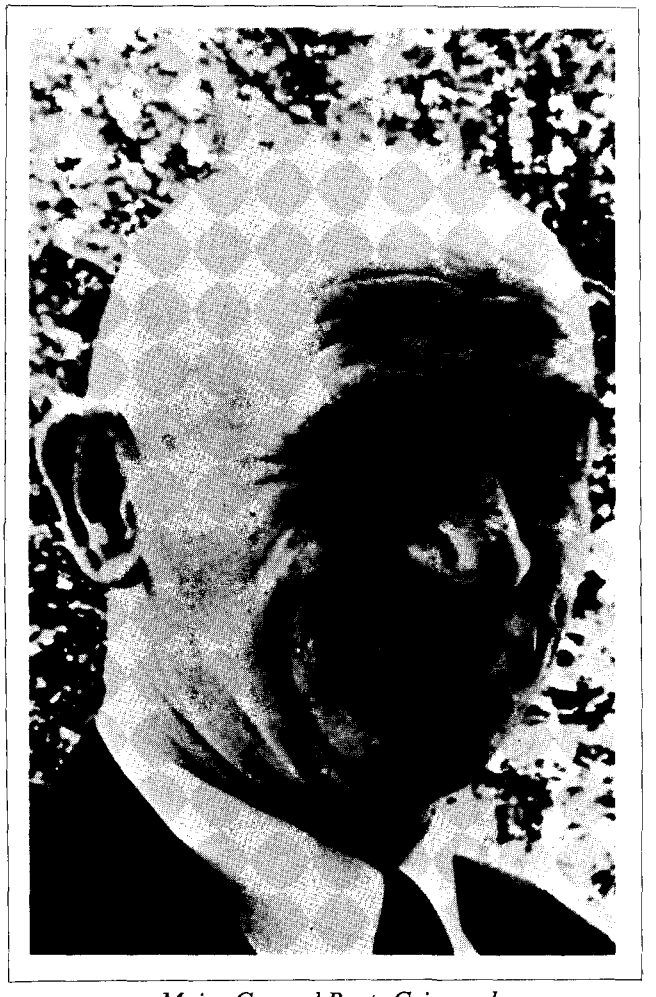

Major-General Pyotr Grigorenko

ago. In 1969 the historian Pyotr Yakir helped organize the "Initiative Group for the Defense of Human Rights." The following year Sakharov was instrumental in forming the "Committee on Human Rights."

But against this movement is arrayed a powerful counterforce. For all his eloquence, Grigorenko was confined to a psychiatric clinic. The seven Red Square protestors were all imprisoned, exiled or confined, as were at least eight of the fifteen founders of the "Initiative Group." The university groups have been broken up and *Kolokol* suppressed. Sakharov and members of his group are constantly harassed and under surveillance.

Besides official repression, the opposition faces other, equally enervating conditions—its painful isolation from the great silent majority of Middle Russia, the amount of time and effort expended not on political work but on self defense in connection with trials, detentions, and confinements, and the meager number of openly dissenting supporters. However fraudulent the diagnosis may be in a clinical sense, there is indeed political truth in the pronouncements of Soviet psychiatrists that some dissenters are suffering from "reformist delusions."

Their work is unimaginably difficult, but it goes on. Already the movement has produced its share of battle-hardened veterans who have been through prisons, work camps, and psychiatric hospitals, and who still won't give up.

Vladimir Bukovsky, at 30, is typical of this cadre. Said to be the son of a government functionary, Bukovsky first came to public attention in 1962 along with young poets who read their dissident verses to crowds in Moscow squares. Bukovsky, then 19, had written an essay ridiculing the Komsomol (Communist Youth League) as a paper organization with no claim to real existence. He was arrested the following year and put in a mental institution. Released a year later, he was confined again for eight months in 1965. In 1967 he organized a public demonstration in Moscow's Pushkin Square demanding freedom for a group of arrested dissidents. For that he got three years at hard labor. Arrested again in 1971 for his contacts and interviews with foreign correspondents, and for circulating unauthorized publications, Bukovsky this time got a stiff seven years at hard labor plus five years, in Soviet camp parlance, "on the horns" (exile). Article 70 of the Russian Republic's criminal code makes it a crime to disseminate "slanderous inventions discrediting the Soviet political system." Underground transcripts of Bukovsky's trials and interrogations reveal a sharp and articulate fighter, tilting on legal and ideological grounds with his adversaries. Additionally, he shows a moving courage and commitment:

Moscow Assistant Prosecutor: I am officially warning you that at any time we can arrest you for the libels in your interview [published in the *Washington Post*].

Bukovsky: What's that, a threat? There's no point in threatening me. I'm not afraid of that . . .

MAP: So you won't stop your activity?

Bukovsky: Certainly not. It's my moral duty to my comrades from the camp. And to those of my friends who are still there.

Much as western radicals would be heartened to learn that the Soviet opposition has a communist or New Left orientation, there are no grounds for such hope. Although Bukovsky may be described as an anarchist, among his co-defendants at the Pushkin Square demonstration trial was a Kantian liberal and a Christian. The older dissidents range from Marxist-Leninists with a militant temperament (Grigorenko), to Fabian socialist (Sakharov) with a "beyond Marxism" and technocratic-reformist outlook. Among the younger dissidents I think we are witnessing an overall anti-establishment rebellion which at this stage will take many exotic forms, as in the West, of cultural, life-style protest as well as theoretical and political groping. The bedrock of their unity is the common struggle for the civil freedoms guaranteed by the Soviet constitution and an end to Stalinist modes of administrative—and now psychiatric—justice. Their strategy, in whatever actions they engage in, is to obey the law and, by mobilizing public opinion in the USSR and abroad, to pressure the *authorities* to obey the law. Measured against the political tasks that lay ahead, this is a small and limited objective; measured against the inflexibility and toughness of the present regime, that objective is a huge and essential stride toward political reform.

The absence of a solid, clear-cut communist opposition in the USSR results in part from the Stalinist Party's violence against all internal heterodoxy. The continuation of that practice today, in lower key, has made open dissent within the Party unthinkable. Another reason is the "my

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Party right or wrong" psychology first articulated by Leon Trotsky, in the true tradition of tragedy as blind disregard of fate. Outside the Party, the same spirit of fear and obedience helps to silence those we might call the gut radicals in the USSR. But other elements enter as well—namely nonchalance and indifference. Insofar as the political establishment represents nothing but staid conformity and knuckleheaded malice, its official ideology, which purports to be Marxism-Leninism, continues to alienate people. Occasionally (as in the case of the worker-dissident Anatoly Marchenko) someone actually reads Lenin and draws his own conclusions about Lenin's teachings and the practice of his successors. But usually, Marxism-Leninism is about as worthless as any required reading in a Civics course.

Although it is impossible to gauge the subterranean ferment taking place within the Party, it is all but certain that on many issues profound differences exist among the leaders. But they are not the kind of differences which might inspire communist invigoration below. The configurations are peculiar. Take the case of Pyotr Shelest, recently removed as Party boss of the Ukraine, reportedly for disagreeing with the Politburo's decision to wave aside the American mining of Vietnamese waters and to go ahead with the summit. Radicals in the West might applaud Shelest for wanting to respond to U.S. aggression, but in domestic affairs Shelest is none other than a Soviet equivalent of Spiro Agnew. For the Soviet radical, then, the quest for liberalization may tend to go hand in hand with attitudes which radicals in the West would consider "soft on U.S. imperialism."

By the same token, the Chinese position has failed to inspire the dissident movement. For reasons which remain perplexing, given Stalin's relationship to the Chinese revolution, the leadership in Peking has elected to uphold Stalin's reputation against the accusations of his successors. In doing so, the Chinese lost an opportunity to energize young Russians with their own militant and egalitarian spirit, as they have done in the West. Had they denounced both revisionism and Stalinism, then possibly some very interesting political momentum might have developed among Soviet youth. As it is, the Soviet radicals' references to Maoism are embarrassingly venomous, but typical of the attitude of most Russians, among whom a Maoist is as hard to find as a whistling shrimp.

[NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND]

IT IS, ABOVE ALL, THE legitimacy and democratic responsiveness of the present Soviet regime that concerns the dissidents. That some, like Sakharov, seem to tie Soviet democratization to American cooperation is not so much a testimonial to their naiveté, as a commentary on the complicated Stalinist past and on the character of Soviet society generated by that past. Any profile of the dissenting movement, and of the qualities and institutions challenged by the movement, has to be grounded and clarified by historical perception. For the movement itself, in the USSR as anywhere else, historical self-consciousness is absolutely essential to a sense of identity. The Stalinist and post-Stalinist regimes have robbed the Soviet people of a full and authentic view of their own past, and

Alexander Solzhenitsyn

in so doing have profoundly disoriented them. Public disorientation is a condition of elite rule. By seeking to educate themselves and the Soviet people in their own history, the dissenters help restore the moral equilibrium and political vitality of Soviet Society.

Literary considerations apart, this has been the glory of Solzhenitsyn's work. What Soviet officials and the hacks of the literary establishment denounce as rattling old bones, or defaming the Soviet past, or wallowing in memories of personal misery, is actually an indispensable historical documentation. Despite his primary and almost exclusive concern for advancing Russian literature, that documentation has thrust Solzhenitsyn into a political stance, and has had explosive political consequences—which is perhaps the overriding reason for the regime's efforts to silence him. Crucial to Solzhenitsyn's educational process has been the rise of the *"samizdat."*

Trotsky notes in his conclusion to *The History of the Russian Revolution* how the Tsarist and Soviet stages of Russian history could be marked off by the respective linguistic contributions each had offered the world. The one had provided "such barbarisms" as *Tsar, knout,* and *pogrom;* the other—*bolshevik, soviet,* and *pyatiletka* (five-year plan). Since Trotsky wrote that in the early '30's the stages of Soviet history might be traced further—through such expressions as Stalinist, *sputnik,* and now *samizdat.*

Photograph by Black Star

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Joseph Stalin

The term *samizdat* combines the Russian word for "self" and "to publish." It first appeared in 1966 but the practice itself—of circulating hand or typewritten, mimeographed, or otherwise duplicated materials which cannot be published in the USSR—is actually quite old. What seems novel is the scale, diversity, and political scope of present-day *samizdat*.

Although only a fraction of *samizdat* has reached the West, the phenomenon has received considerable attention here, owing to the work of such anti-communist outposts with CIA credentials as Radio Liberty, the People's Labor Alliance, *Survey* magazine, and the Center for International Studies at MIT. Doubtless, many of the dissidents would feel politically uncomfortable with their Western patrons, whose motivations are anti-Soviet, whose selection may distort the real nature of the movement, and whose efforts lend plausibility to charges by Soviet courts that the *samizdat* writings are used to harm the USSR abroad. Indeed, many a Soviet protester has asked his signature to be removed from a letter or petition to authorities on learning that the document was published in the West. And the KGB has not been above turning this situation to its own advantage, for it sometimes serves as a conduit to CIA outlets for materials written by people it is interested in embarrassing back home—Solzhenitsyn, for example.

Nonetheless, in the last analysis, the shame of it is not what the West does with the materials, but the intolerably backward state of political affairs in the USSR which makes censorship a keystone of national policy. One might be charitable to the Soviets and allow that, in conditions of continuing ideological combat and a relative scarcity of resources which requires strict allocation of public funds, they are justified in extending publication facilities to some and denying it to others. But even then the questions would remain: What is allowed to be published and who decides? The stance of the bureaucracy is appalling here. Nothing could be more *anti*-Soviet in Western eyes than the tons of sterile and banal pap that does get by the censors; nothing could be more *pro*-Soviet than an honest and well-told historical novel or a frank and imaginative discussion of current problems in Russian society.

Samizdat is kaleidoscopic in form and content. Broadly, the materials may be classified into literary and political categories. This distinction is always artificial—especially so in the Russian context. As in nineteenth century Russia, if literary work is realistic and honest in describing existing, or even past, conditions, then it is political by definition. A seemingly innocent series of rustic sketches by Turgenev had an impact in Tsarist Russia comparable to that of *Uncle Toms' Cabin* in the United States. A century later, Dudintsev's novel about bureaucrats and inventors, *Not By Bread Alone*, caused a political storm.

There are poems, songs, drawings, short stories, memoirs, and whole novels circulating in *samizdat*, including the work of non-Soviet authors. *Samizdat* tapes record Western music off short-wave radio, common in all Russian, as in European homes. Some evidence indicates that an internal "*samizdat* of the air" has existed in the USSR for at least a dozen years. At least a part of it is political, even though it is produced by radio hams mainly for entertainment.

On the political side, seven distinct categories of *samizdat* appear:

1) *Protest letters and petitions addressed to judicial authorities, the Soviet and foreign communist press (who never publish them), to professional colleagues, to "world public opinion," to Party and state organs, and to Soviet political figures personally.* Usually their signers belong to the scientific, professional, and cultural intelligentsia but here and there a protest or appeal from a worker turns up. The issues vary from protests over the arrests, trials, jailings or psychiatric detention of specific figures to concern over penal conditions and policies on religion and Soviet nationalities. In recent years there has been a great deal of protest activity around the last two categories, with a focus on the Crimean Tatars, still struggling to regain their homeland long after Stalin banished them *en masse* for Nazi collaboration; on Jewish affairs, especially the desire to emigrate to Israel; on persecution of the Baptists; and on cultural suppression and Russification in the Ukrainian and Baltic republics.

2) *Transcripts of trials, and of statements by the defendants; of conversations with the KGB; of proceedings at various meetings where controversial themes and issues are voiced.*

(Continued on Page 52)

Photograph by The Bettman Archive

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"Mr. President . . ."
"What is it, Pat?"
"Mr. President, there's a terrible demonstration going on outside."
"Oh, there's always a demonstration going on outside, Pat."
"Yeah, but Richard, this one is completely out of control."
"Well, we have people to take care of that, they'll do their job, you do your job, and I'll do my job."
"But Richard, you don't understand, they're storming the White House."
"Oh, in that case I'd better call out the Third Marines."
"You can't, Richard."
"Why not?"
"It *is* the Third Marines!"
"Ohhh . . ."

The Show the Pentagon Couldn't Stop

A FEW YEARS AGO, the United Serviceman's Organization—better known as the USO—sponsored a series of television commercials in which GIs walked along rice paddies or picked their way through the desolate battlegrounds of yesterday. Over these stark visuals came the plaintive voice of a soldier: "Doesn't anybody care?" The scene then changed to a joyous USO dance with smiling soldiers and pretty girls. The message was clear: if you give generously, the boys overseas will get euphoric enough on popular music and short skirts to forget their dirty job.

In 1972, this sort of thing seems hopelessly out of date. The GIs' nightmare cannot now be so easily calmed; the circumstances which make for their loneliness cannot be so easily wished away. Most Americans simply want to forget that soldiers exist, for they call

(Continued on Page 32)

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"Nothing could be finer
Than to be in Indochina
making money.
Hating is a hobby
When you're in the
China Lobby —
life is sunny.

"When Nixon goes
to Peking, hey,
And many jump
with joy
But the word
comes from
the horse's mouth
And the horse
is in Hanoi
And it says
set the date
And you say
set the date."

"Well, Red, it looks like we're in for a beautiful game here today."

"Terrific, yeah."

"Both these teams are in tip-top condition."

"Thank you, Red, for that interesting and colorful commentary. Meanwhile, back on the field, there's a temporary time out . . . a halt in the action while the dead and wounded are being dragged from the playing area.

"Red, I see Lt. Colonel Billy Slocum down there on the field on the radio, and I think he's gonna go to the air for the next play, I think he'll look for the bombers. And there they are! Wow, look at that Red, will you? From the carrier U.S.S. Enterprise, 4-F Phantom Jets coming up over that hill. Up at 12 o'clock, silver, gleaming in the sunlight, in formation.

"Down they come now. there go the 20 millimeter cannon, there go the rocket pods, there go the anti-personnel fragmentation bombs, and I count 12 water buffalo down and kicking. They are going up . . . there they go around again.

"They're coming in again for a second pass. we'll watch for it. here they come. Low, coming in, here it is, it's napalm . . . wow! Right on top of the 101st, there are penalty flags all over the playing area. That'll be an error, that'll be charged to the U.S.S. Enterprise, seventh time this month.

"Now, they're going into a huddle, we'll watch them. They're breaking out of the huddle now, and they're going into orderly withdrawal and lying on the field motionless is Lt. Colonel Billy Slocum. That'll be a fragging penalty for the 101st, Red."

"Definitely definitely."

"Absolutely. They're moving out, neat, tidy, in orderly withdrawal. And here's the hotline battlefield tally for the Viet Cong: 117 dead. 212 wounded. For the 101st casualties were: light to moderate, as usual. Red?"

"I know that President Nixon would have loved to have been here . . . himself today, in person to throw out the first grenade in this sporting event."

"Oh.absolutely, Red. absolutely."

* * *

"We've come here . . . for the same reason we've been traveling for the last eight months around the United States, to perform outside of military bases, to support the service women and men who are organizing against the war and demanding their rights. The material for the show was taken from GI newspapers from among the 75 GI newspapers that are out around the world. It's political vaudeville, it is not raising any new issues—

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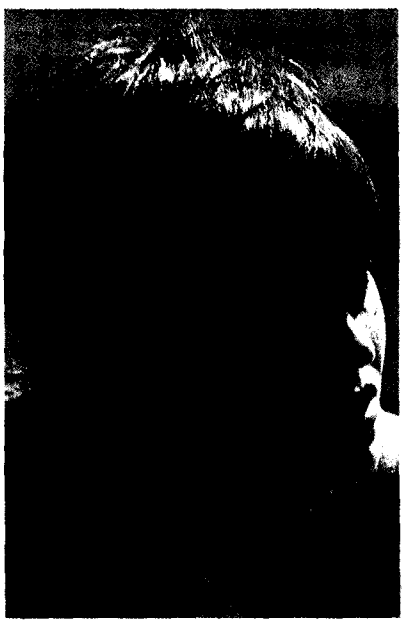
Nothing could be finer
Than an overflight to
China, ain't that funny?
You'll hear me singing,
Bomb another city
today . . . oh, yeah,
Bomb another city today!"



"It's so nice to be a
member of the
military class.
Our lives the same in
peace time as in war.
You see, the natives
cook and drive
for me;
They work all
their lives for me.
You see, servants
aren't a problem
anymore."

it's just simply saying to the people in the service, we recognize that the majority of you are against the war, don't like the kind of oppression you're experiencing, and we support your struggles. How they struggle and in what direction is not up to us to say, to direct, to teach or anything like that, . . . that is their job, but we support them."

* * *

"I'm really curious to know . . . I mean, you all are not actually on Vietnamese soil, right, I mean it must be very abstract for you, what the effects of an attack carrier have on the war. What is it that started you all thinking, and how did you come to understand the role that an attack carrier plays?"

"I suppose everybody always knows, but they can rationalize anything away . . . I don't know, for me it started about a year ago. I started waking up, you know, I lost my innocence, and, once you do that, once you awaken to these things that are happening around you, you can't go back to sleep again."

"Well, like you read the polls, and people want us to get out of Vietnam, and you see the polls getting higher and higher every week but yet we aren't out, you know, and how can you rationalize this. You have to question it.

"People over here, uh, have the same problems as the GIs all across the States and there wasn't anything to do about it, nobody have anything together. So, it started out in March and April, with about four or five active duty GIs and two people that used to be in the service. And eventually we had our own place, and we have a newspaper now. And basically, we're a support group, we . . . any GI that has any hassles like with the brass or, or he's getting, you know, messed over in any way, we support him, we have a lawyer that's working with us . . . military lawyer . . . we have actions around incidents, like when a black soldier at one of the Marine bases here was busted for a very racist law, where he couldn't give the black power salute or the dap, which is a form of a handshake the blacks use in the mess hall, and he did it, and he was busted for it, and we had lots of action on that, demonstrations and picketings, and eventually he was acquitted."

* * *

"They just want you to be a little robot. You wind . . . they wind you up and they want you to do the job that you're supposed to do, they don't want you to be an individual. Any time you are an individual, they slap you around till you get back in line again."

Photographs by Steve Jaffee; center left and right by John Peden

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F.T.A. *(From Page 29)*

up images of death and desolation and national chaos which this war has brought. Like a patient with a terminal disease, their continued existence is both frightening and embarrassing.

Because the psychology of the USO no longer speaks to what ails today's American soldiers, a new group has sprung up. It is Jane Fonda's "FTA," a "political vaudeville show" which has toured Army bases at home and abroad over the past two years and which is now the basis for a new movie of the same name.

Produced by Free Theatre Associates (that is, Jane Fonda, co-star Donald Sutherland, and director Francine Parker), the film stars, you might say, the cast of the FTA road show—namely Fonda, Sutherland, Len Chandler, Jr., Pamela Donagen, Michael Akimo, Peter Martinson, Holly Near, Paul Mooney, and pianist Yale Zimmerman. You *might* say it, but you would probably be wrong, for this is a movie to which the industry categories do not really apply.

It consists of segments of the show, as performed on bases throughout the Pacific Rim (Japan, Philippines, Coral Sea), interspersed with conversations between the cast and the audience. In format, it is vaudeville, ranging from zany sketches—GI humor the likes of which never worked its way into old Morten Lewis movies—to anti-war statements, through ballads and poetry.

"Foxtrot-Tango-Alpha?" the cast would ask as it toured army bases over the past two years. "NO! FUCK THE ARMY!" they shout, and the audience —GIs, WACs, officers, wives, children, and whoever cares to view it—roars with appreciation. It goes on from there, through the poignant story of a young draftee to a sardonic view of the battlefield seen as a televised sport event complete with blow-by-blow narration.

Politically, the show/film focuses on the dehumanization of GI life and links it to the military's sexism and racism. Jane Fonda elaborated on the theme recently by relating a conversation she'd had with a soldier. "Before I went in," he told her, "I thought of my girlfriend as someone I loved and wanted to marry. Now I find myself thinking of her as a piece of ass."

While crooning the words to "Tired of Bastards Fuckin' Over Me," Fonda and the other FTA women do a mock can-can to show GIs how they are taught to treat women the way the military treats GIs. Fonda recalls that FTA "spent months talking to soldiers

about what goes on in basic training, the purpose being to strip away from the human being, who is going to have to follow orders, the ability to see other people, of another sex or color, as equal, because if they could, they would ask questions—they wouldn't be able to peel skin off live Vietnamese women, and all the other horrors."

FTA touches briefly on the situation of WACs and raises an issue not widely understood outside the service. In interviews, WACs tell of their horror upon realizing that their primary responsibility in the war effort is to "service the servicemen." After induction they are urged to obtain birth control pills courtesy of the army, and advised that any abortions needed would be provided free of charge without the necessity of informing a girl's parents.

To a degree, FTA is pitched to a black audience. Director Francine Parker has said that she found the average black soldier "twenty times more politically astute" than his white counterpart, which comes across in the film.

Rather than just individuals fighting a common enemy, black soldiers, it seems, think in terms of the community, and the black race, rather than just as individuals fighting a common enemy. One soldier in the film says that "the only place a black man should fight is where he's being oppressed, and I'm not being oppressed in Japan, I'm not being oppressed in Vietnam, and I'm not being oppressed in Pakistan. . . . and I'm not going to Pakistan. I'd go to jail first." It is not an isolated opinion.

Like Joe Bonhom in "Johnny Got His Gun," today's GI—black or white —knows that the killing he is part of will not "make the world safe for democracy." At one point in the film, a GI desperately explains how, at the very moment he was hearing Nixon on the radio announcing that there were no nuclear arms in Japan, he himself was loading them. "I loaded them myself!" he cries.

The GIs want the American people to know what is happening overseas, to know what their lives are like. "Take this movie back and show it to those people in the Midwest!" one boy shouted to Jane Fonda. GI wives begged director Francine Parker to "tell the American people to get us out of here!"

What began as "Free the Army" has now become "Free the Americans" as well—free them from delusion and official deception which America, more than the GIs, has swallowed. ■

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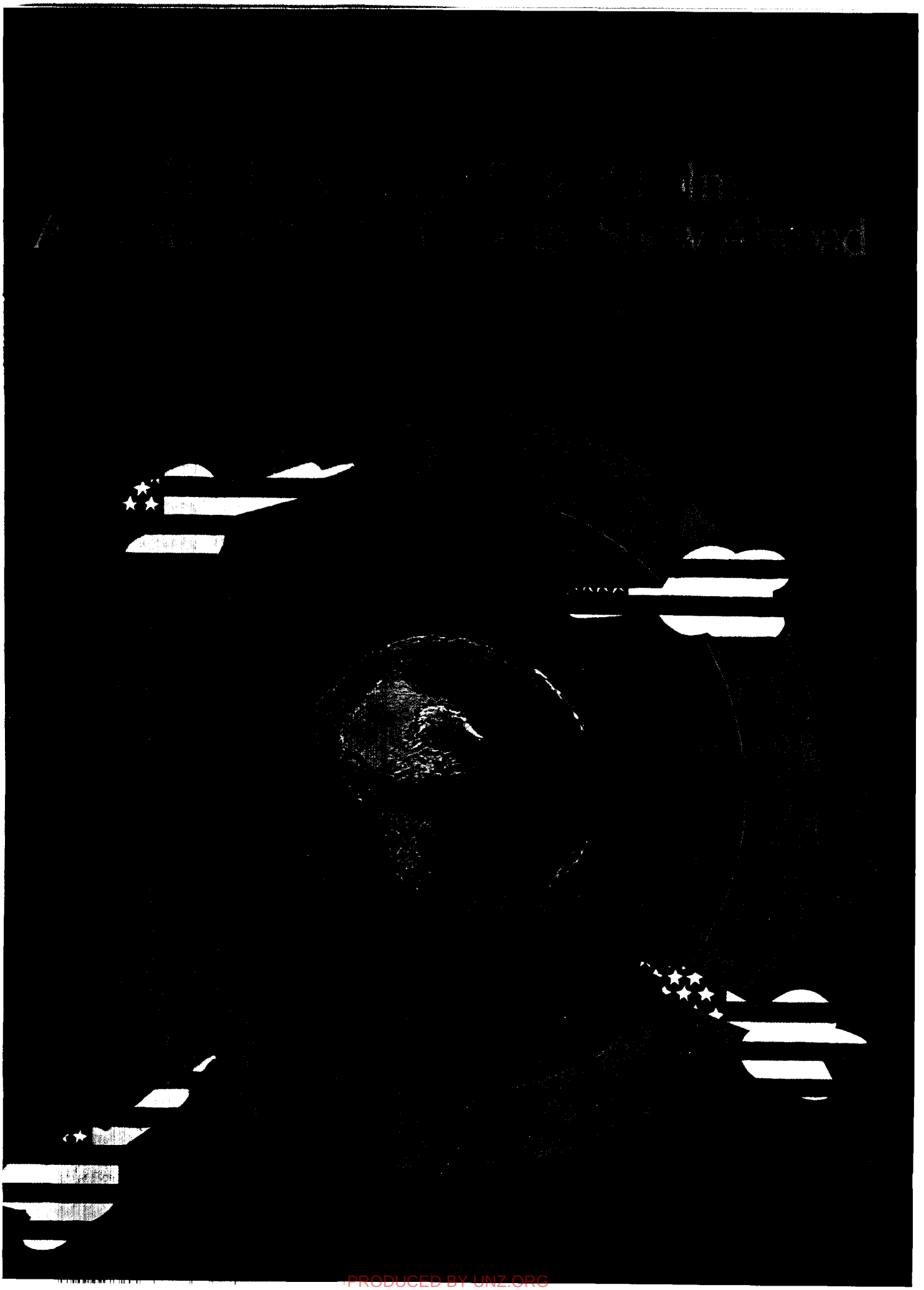

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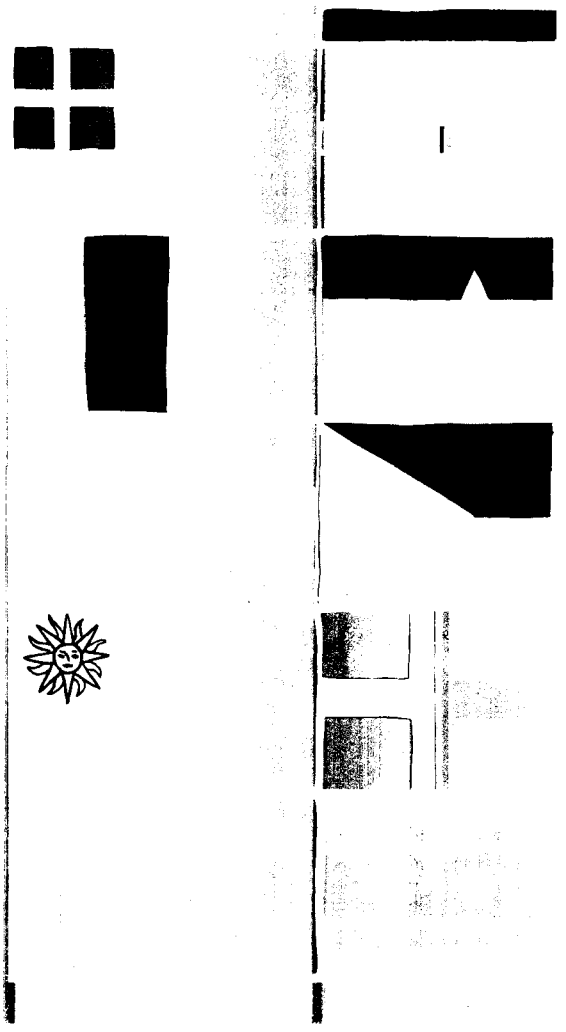
IT WAS clear from the beginning that the United Nations Conference on the Human Environment was going to be an American show. They arrived in force, taking over the best rooms in Stockholm's hotels, and for a time seeming to turn it into a United States colony. There were more Californians alone at the Conference than participants from all of Africa; more journalists from the U.S. than from all the underdeveloped countries combined. The documents that consumed the Conference's attention were largely drafted by Americans; they monopolized microphone time at the plenary session and held one press conference after another. When Margaret Mead and Barry Commoner walked into meetings, their carriage was that of stars at a Hollywood premiere.



But if the Conference was dominated by a broad midwestern accent, everything outside it also had an American flavor. An extension of the niggling debate Commoner and Ehrlich have waged for months on the comparative destructiveness of overpopulation and technology occupied center stage of the alternate conferences the UN had set up in its Environmental Forum. Walter Hickel joined Russel Train, the primary representative of the Nixon administration, in "Save the Whale" marches. Shirley Temple Black solemnly declared herself a feminist. And whole-earther Stuart Brand cavorted on the periphery of the proceedings with the nearly 100 people he brought to Stockholm (including the Hog Farm Commune, poets Gary Snyder and Michael McClure, the Black Mesa Defense Committee, and assorted pranksters, ecologists and friends) because he believed that the Conference itself would be dull and worthless and it was up to him to create a better show.

It was almost as if the carefully controlled but colorful Earth Days in the U.S. over the last two years had been dress rehearsals for what went on in Stockholm Americans came with a kind of superiority complex, as if they knew they had done more to pollute—and to draw attention to pollution—than anyone else. But if the UN Conference was a *mea culpa*, it was to be carried out in the grand style of Cecil B. DeMille, not St. Francis. The American presence not only created a cornucopia of confusion that revealed the inadequacy of its notion of an ecology crusade, but also diverted attention from what people from the rest of the world had come to discuss—the political and economic roots of the environmental disorder spreading like a plague through their countries. Americans may not have known it, but no one cared if Ehrlich and Commoner had their facts and figures right; and the Hog Farm's message, that we must return to an idyllic, less industrial way of life, was lost on delegates from countries struggling for simple survival.

[II]

GETTING SETTLED IN STOCKHOLM PROVED itself to be a parody of the ecological condition. There were over 20 tons of official papers and documents, the equivalent of two small forests. Delegates, journalists and observers were given bulging briefcases filled with agendas, draft statements, advertisements by Swedish industry, and almost everything else imaginable. Air reservations were booked in advance for weeks and hotel accommodations were scarce, leaving many del-

by Barry Weisberg

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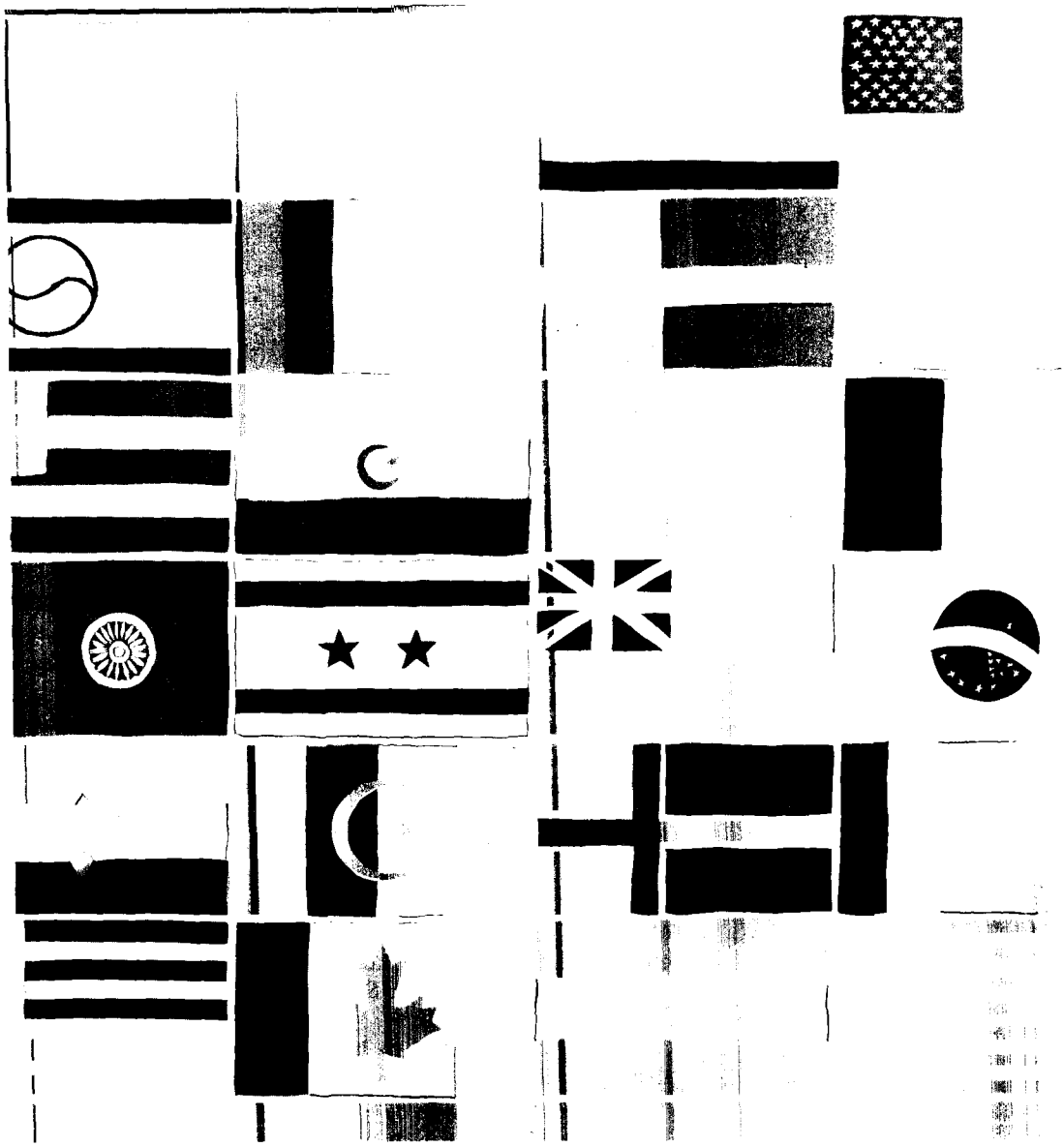

egates from Africa or Latin America to fend for themselves at the airport. The city was prepared for everything, including a possible visit by Richard Nixon on his way back to Washington from the Moscow Summit. In addition, Stuart Brand of the Whole Earth Catalogue had succeeded in convincing the police that tens of thousands of youth would descend on Stockholm for the summer. Thus special policemen were not only stationed in front of all large hotels, but positioned at the corners of hallways on most floors of most large hotels near the Conference.

Maurice Strong, Secretary of the UN Conference, had spent 18 months cajoling the underdeveloped countries to attend, and it could be said that most of the 1200 delegates, 1200 journalists, and odd hundreds of others who came to Stockholm, came believing they should have stayed home. In fact, as a result of the exclusion of the German Democratic Republic (GDR), all of the socialist countries with the exception of China, Rumania, and Chile, did stay home. (The Democratic People's Republic of Korea and the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, needless to say, were also not invited.) In explaining his country's refusal to attend the Conference, Nelson Restano, the Cuban cultural *attaché* to Stockholm, linked the exclusion of East Germany to the UN's long failure to admit China. "The UN," he said, "is like a child that has a deformity from birth — that it is situated in the United States."

Some hoped that ecology might be the issue to unite the nations of the world in the way it has, according to the Hearst newspapers, united the generations in the United States. But this illusion was immediately destroyed when in his opening remarks Olaf Palme, Prime Minister of Sweden, demanded that "ecological warfare cease immediately."

Palme's remarks were only the beginning of the acrimony. The Chinese delegation, having been prevented from participating in the drafting of basic documents, came to Stockholm with their own agenda, seeking and obtaining a last-minute review of the Draft Declaration, as well as "condemning the United States for their wanton bombings and shellings, use of chemical weapons, massacres of the people, destruction of human lives, annihilation of plants and animals and pollution of the environment. In addition, Mr.

Barry Weisberg has recently returned from the UN Conference on the Human Environment. He is the author of Beyond Repair: The Ecology of Capitalism *(Beacon, 1971).*

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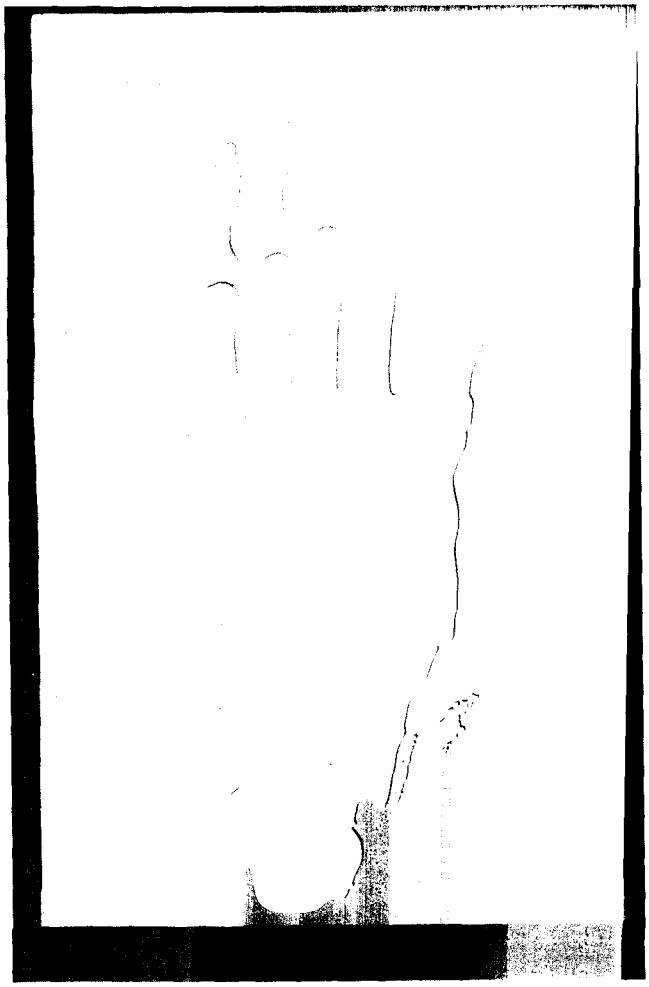

If you are not part of the solution you are part of the problem.

Miljöforum/Environment Forum
Stockholm, Konstfack 5.6-16.6 1972

Kang Te, Vice Minister of Fuel and Chemical Industries, stated that the presence of the "representatives of the puppet cliques of South Korea and South Vietnam is totally illegal."

Though the question of ecocide was never discussed on the Conference floor, it without question dominated the thoughts of almost everyone attending. That the ecological effects of modern weapons should not be discussed in regards to Indochina was a difficult position to defend. A large bulk of the conference was engaged in discussing all kinds of modern technology and its effects on the environment; why not discuss the most destructive of these technologies? Despite the strength of this reasoning, Conference Secretary Maurice Strong persistently ignored attempts by the Swedish Vietnam Committee to raise the question weeks in advance of the gathering.

The weekend before the UN Conference, an International Expert Hearing on the Effect of Modern Weapons on the Environment in Indochina reminded everyone that the United States has killed one out of every thirty-five inhabitants of Indochina and wounded one out of every fifteen, made one out of every six refugees, dropped thirty million tons of explosives and created an estimated twenty-six million craters. Mr. Le Phuong, head of the PRG Information Office in Sweden and recently returned from the liberated areas of Quang Tri province, spoke of "the crimes committed by Nixon" as being "as high as the mountains and as long as the rivers." Col. Mai Lam, a representative of the DRV, spoke in some detail of the current U.S. air offensive against the DRV, about the systematic bombing of the dikes, comparing the U.S. actions to those of the Nazis against the Dutch.

If Americans seemed to be everywhere in Stockholm, they were conspicuously absent from the Expert Hearings and the Folkets (People's) Forum on Portugal's use of defoliants in the liberated areas of Angola. Instead, the item which attracted perhaps the widest U.S. participation, ranging from Michael McClure and Stuart Brand to Russel Train and Walter Hickel, was the much publicized campaign to save the whales. Project Jonah, a "save the whales" organization, organized a street parade to spur UN action on a recommendation that "Governments should reach an international agreement to stop commercial hunting of whales for 10 years." Out in front of the parade were Russel Train and Walter Hickel. The U.S. delegation saw the question of the whales as a perfect opportunity to become ecology activists. The U.S. had a moratorium on whale hunting; it was an issue that allowed Train to maintain his conviction that "I am personally an environmentalist, not a politician."

Project Jonah, of course, was the kind of success the U.S. delegation hoped the UN conference would be. Ecological problems were to be considered apart from their economic and political roots. Agreement was reached on a wide number of recommendations—covering the three main Committees of the Conference: human settlements and non-economic aspects, natural resources and development aspects, pollutants and organizational aspects. Three and a half years in the making, the Conference also produced a Declaration on the Human Environment and an

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Action Plan containing 106 separate recommendations under three focuses. First, a global assessment program known as Earthwatch, which will "identify and measure environmental problems of international significance, as well as warn against impending crises." Second, a variety of environmental management activities which will implement the knowledge obtained. Third, a number of supporting measures including education and training, and a public information service. The UN will establish a Governing Council for Environmental Program comprised of representatives of 54 nations, the money for its activities coming from a fund to which governments will contribute on a voluntary basis. The United States suggested a $100 million fund over a five-year period to which it would contribute $40 million on a matching basis. In its Roundup of the Conference, the U.S. delegates called this *the* highlight of the entire UN conference, followed by a convention on ocean dumping and a proposal urging steps to minimize the discharge of heavy metals and organochlorines into the environment.

In contrast to the bland declarations made by U.S. ecologists Barry Commoner, Paul Ehrlich and Robert McNamara, China's Kang Te stated in his remarks before the plenary that "the increasingly serious pollution and damage of the human environment in certain regions is becoming an outstanding issue . . . mainly [as a] result of . . . the policies of plunder, aggression and war pursued by the superpowers. . . ." Nonetheless, he went on, in the long run the world "will surely move toward process and light. . . . Any ideas of pessimism, stagnation and inertia are wrong. On the question of human environment, there is no ground for any negative view."

Largely because of the Chinese position, the Conference's Declaration contained references to warfare, and development projects "designed for colonialist and racist expansion." Tanzania was largely responsible for the clauses pertaining to racism and apartheid.

Yet, while rhetorical mention was made of ecocide, racism, underdevelopment, imperialism and colonialism, little substantive progress was made in exploring these issues in debate. That was to be the province of the half dozen or so alternative conferences planned to coincide with the UN meeting.

[III]

ACTIVISTS IN STOCKHOLM HAD BEGUN to prepare for the UN Conference well in advance. One group, POWWOW, was formed a year before the UN Conference was to be held in order to plan alternative activities as well as establish contacts with a variety of politically oriented ecology groups around the world.

In response to the emergence of POWWOW, the Swedish Youth Council and the Swedish UN Association, under the guidance of the UN Secretariat, initiated the UN Environment Forum, a well-funded, wide-ranging collection of panels, speakers, discussions, films and graphic displays designed to promote discussion of environmental issues amongst the Swedish public. As Elizabeth Wettergren, Executive Secretary, put it, "At the Env Forum we are building bridges between scientists, politicians and the public." Presentations at the Forum were heavily dominated by American scientists, mostly those associated with the Scientists Institute for Public Information, as well as a host of young "Third World" scientists residing in the United States. In addition to the endless ego combat between Barry Commoner and Paul Ehrlich, presentations included ecocide, national liberation front struggles in Angola and Mozambique (MPLA and FRELIMO), a discussion of industrial health and safety by Tony Mazzachi of the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers, architect Paolo Soleri with slides discussing arcology and Harvey Karman of Los Angeles talking about the Karman Cannula—a revolutionary, self-induced method of inducing abortion in two minutes at a cost of less than 20 cents.

In addition to the Environment Forum, DAI DONG, a peace effort of the International Fellowship of Reconciliation, sponsored an "Independent Environment Conference" for selected scientists outside of Stockholm. "DAI DONG" is derived from an ancient Chinese concept of a world in which "not only a man's family is his family, not only a man's children are his children, but all the world is his family, and all children are his."

In contrast to these and other semi-official activities in Stockholm was the Folkets (Peoples) Forum, a coalition of 30 different environmental and political groups from Scandinavia that joined together when they realized that the UN Conference on the Human Environment would not deal with the issues which concerned them: the working environment, drugs, energy consumption, ecocide, urbanization, alternative technologies, national liberation front struggles and socialist environmental programs. The purpose of the Folkets Forum was stated in its platform: "We do not believe these problems are the inevitable result of technological development. It is necessary to examine the political and economic roots of the problems if we are to arrive at successful solutions."

Through a wide range of programs the Folkets Forum sought to underscore the intimate connection between biological and social imbalance, clearly realizing that the current ecological imbalances which characterize the advanced industrial countries stem from economic and political origins, not from nature itself. Through its program the Folklets Forum sought to answer the following questions: Who are the victims of environmental destruction? Who benefits from environmental destruction? What is the role of the profit motive in the origins of environmental destruction? What are the connections between environmental problems and social and cultural factors? What changes are necessary in order to solve environmental problems? Can these changes be made within the framework of the present society, or do they require more basic alterations in the social structure itself?

Though comprised of a variety of environmental and political groups, the Folkets Forum showed a common unity of perspective in its final declaration, which stated that "The overthrow of capitalism and the creation of a socialistically planned economy does not in itself imply a solution to environmental problems, but only that the potentials for such a solution are much more favorable."

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[IV]

THE GREATEST CONTRAST TO THE Folkets Forum was not the United Nations—where political issues were at least acknowledged—but a collection of Americans brought to Stockholm under the auspices of Life Forum, an organization created by Stuart Brand, former merry prankster of Ken Kesey's salad days and now a millionaire as a result of the Whole Earth Catalogue. He had put together a $75,000 budget for the Life Forum with funds from the Whole Earth Catalogue and the Kaplan Foundation (celebrated in days gone by as one of the CIA's conduits). Brand's group consisted of a wide collection of Young Americans of the counterculture, including the sixty odd people and three buses comprising the Hog Farm (at a transportation cost of $5000 for the buses and another $30,000 for the communards), the Black Mesa Defense Committee, members of which were admitted into Sweden on the Hopi Indian National passport, poets such as Michael McClure and Gary Snyder, Mary Jean Haley of *Clear Creek* Magazine who published *Open Options*, a useful if not accurate guide to the various conferences and meetings in and about Stockholm for the two-week period, and a wide variety of other free lance pranksters, ecologists, and friends.

Life Forum was spread between a rented gallery inside Stockholm and Skarpnick, and an abandoned airfield outside of town where the Hog Farm camped. In town, ecologist Stephanie Mills (who once created a stir when, as valedictorian of her college class, announced she would go childless) created a series of small encounters over home-cooked meals, and various displays were established by the sundry participants in Life Forum. Skarpnick, however, was the main attraction. And, as it worked out, it was the main source of dissatisfaction on the part of many progressive Swedes.

Brand and Melissa Savage, both from Whole Earth Catalogue days, with David Padua, from the Kaplan Foundation, first arrived in Stockholm in March. At that time they approached the Folkets Forum with an offer of $40,000 if they could share the building in which Folkets Forums was to be conducted, receive endorsement from Folkets Forum, arrange tent facilities in the parks for the alleged "100,000 to 400,00 youth" Brand's new-found guru-dom told him would descend on Stockholm, and establish a name register for all activists entering Stockholm. After three weeks of often bitter discussion, on April 8 and successive times thereafter, the Folkets Forum rejected association with the Life Forum or any of its participating groups. Then Brand and his band contacted the Environmental Forum—the group initiated by the UN itself. Brand used the following imaginary dialogue to describe what transpired:

Initially I, Melissa Savage, and David Padua came here around April. We are saying around to people, "Are you ready for the crowds of young people?"
"But they did not say it, you said it?"
"Right, that may happen, are you guys ready for it?"
"For what?"
"For the crowds of young people."
"Why would they come?"

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"Because everyone is interested in saving the world, especially young people."

"But they mustn't come, you must tell them not to come," they said to us, as if we could push a button somewhere and the kids wouldn't come. So we said that we can't control that, but we can help you handle it if it happens, because, if it happens and it's not handled well, Stockholm would be a shambles and the UN Conference would be a shambles and that would be a shame. But there are things we can do that might prevent that and might make it feel instead even better than if the kids never came. Because if they come and it works and it feels good and the UN gets some of that good feeling and there is a free stage which feels good, then the whole of Stockholm starts to cook.

As it turned out, Stockholm never even simmered. A few hundred people showed up out at Skarpnick, and because it was over an hour into town, they had little contact with people at the Conference. Brand was contacted by the police soon after his arrival in Stockholm. With a Nixon visit in the offing, the police were overjoyed at the arrival of these Americans. In the words of the Chief of Police of Operations: "They are nice people, they wish to cooperate. They don't intend to cause any disturbances. Instead, as far as the Hog Farm is concerned, they wish to quiet other people.

All this, of course, was not taken lightly by the Folkets Forum, or POWWOW, who saw the UN Conference as an opportunity to educate people to the connection between politics and ecology. But this was not the Hog Farm's intention. As one Hog Farmer explained condescendingly, "Political action is representative, Hog Farm action is direct, one to one." The Hog Farm, or Life Forum, for that matter, had virtually no comprehension of the fabric of Swedish society and its sense of the importance of collective political action. The arrogance of the Hog Farm suggested that the Folkets Forum should "come out to Skarpnick. There are a lot of free people there. It would be a good testing ground for your thing." The entire attitude of the American invasion of Stockholm was best summarized by Brand himself, who said, "Hi, we're here to help with all our juice, all our money and all our stuff, and we know what's happening and where do we plug in. And we'll take over here, and we'll run things there for you. . . ."

As it worked out, more attention was paid to events out at Skarpnick, to the "freak show," than the political significance of what was happening at the Conference. The reporter from *Time* described the dynamic well: "The editorial idea we had at the beginning was not to cover the Conference but to cover whatever groups like the Hog Farm, the Free Stage, other people produce as a way of dramatizing the issue. I'm really much more interested in this—I even have instructions from my senior editor. Basically, we have a bias in favor of covering the peripheral. No one expects much. We had a meeting with Russel Train in a New York lunchroom before we left, and he doesn't expect much to come out of the Conference."

Ian Hogan, an architect working with POWWOW, summarized the situation: "At every level of the Conference the American presence is felt, either overtly or covertly, and that presence is felt in every conversation. If you simply walk around the Env Forum, you will find that the total emphasis is anti-American. And at the UN Conference, the basic anti-Americanism is being quite clearly stated ever since the Prime Minister made his statement. Everyone here openly detests the Americans and so you get away from environmental considerations and spend your time on anti-Americanism. . . ."

"I was simply astounded to walk out to Skarpnick, an airfield in Northern Europe—in Scandinavia—and see a teepee made of machine-made cloth and tie-dyed fashionable hippie colors, with fresh logs which had been stripped out of the Swedish forest by a bunch of American freaks, in classic Ken Kesey style and five years after Tom Wolfe and his book about the merry pranksters. With their alternative version of American society still dominating the process of protest! Coming here to protest the straight American society which has also come here! Dominating the protest which we had to make against the straight Americans who are dominating the UN Conference. And so Europeans turn to Americans for the mechanism of protest against America. The Hog Farm has been reacting to American authoritarianism for so long that they no longer see what they are doing. They have been in a hostile place for so long that—it's really quite laughable—they parked their buses in a horseshoe, like covered wagons preparing for an attack by Indians. The open end of the horseshoe is the high stage where the band plays. All of this is of course symbolic."

There were those who never got over their annoyance at Brand and his activities in Skarpnick. But his actions were at least consistent. In April, while he was negotiating to descend upon the UN Conference, he was contacted by San Francisco ecologists who asked him to come to a press conference protesting the resumed bombing of North Vietnam. Brand refused. When asked why, he said, "I don't make political statements." When asked if he would speak out if the U.S. were to use nuclear weapons in Vietnam, his reply was, "I'll deal with that when I get there."

[v]

THE U.S. PRESENCE IN STOCKHOLM split into two camps. On one hand were Stuart Brand's people, who had decided in advance that the Conference would be meaningless; on the other, there were the official delegates, who did everything in their power to make it so by frivolously ignoring discussions of the U. S. ecocide in Indochina and trying to steer attention toward the "safe" subjects—whales, industrial effluents, overpopulation—that have shaped the American ecology crusade. Both groups knew they were at a conference where two-thirds of the representatives were from countries of vast poverty and malnutrition. Both completely rejected the necessities which the delegates of the underdeveloped world were there to talk about.

It was not accidental, therefore, that under the tinsel and glitter of the U.S. invasion of Stockholm a solemn *leitmotiv* developed to dominate the proceedings. It was the contrast between what has come to be known as the haves and the have nots. The issue which arose to connect all the partici-

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pants, whether they wished it to be so or not, was the question of overdevelopment and underdevelopment, and, for some, undevelopment. It became the metaphor for the Conference, spanning as it did the conditions of 115 countries. While reporters from *Time* were watching the goings-on at the Hog Farm's encampment, or following the dialectics of the whale lobby, the delegates to the Conference were trying to get to the heart of the future ecological balance or imbalance over the next decades by challenging this question.

It became clear in Stockholm—if it hadn't been clear before—that it is impossible to separate a discussion of the future of the human ecological environment from a discussion of the political and economic basis of the current biological imbalances. The Third World representatives were prepared to show that the vast bulk of current international development programs have adverse ecological consequences and that this is not a case of careless technology, but a technology conceived and implemented to perpetuate imbalance. Their only problem was that nobody was listening.

[VI]

TWO WEEKS IN STOCKHOLM, for those from the underdeveloped countries, merely served once again to reinforce the lesson that the struggle for liberation—for the liberation of the human environment—is not a new struggle. It has been waged over the last several hundred years by people on all continents, and it continues today. If Stockholm provided any lessons, it was the sobering realization, which came to many for the first time, that imperialism is not a paper tiger, but a creature of frightening size and power.

It is hard to say if the Americans learned any lessons, isolated as they were by their culture and vulgarity. The U.S. government press was representative in that it was completely incapable of distinguishing between anti-Americanism and criticism of the United States. Even though they were primarily talking to themselves, Russel Train, Barry Commoner, and the others went on chattering, thoroughly convinced of their own rectitude. Stuart Brand and his group showed that Americans could be offensive without being ugly. But even though they were isolated, the Americans in Stockholm were probably aware that things are changing and that they will no longer be able to dominate these international conferences as they always have. Even though they performed with unparalleled arrogance, the Americans were on the defensive, and not only because of their devastation of Indochina. The underdeveloped countries are becoming more sophisticated in their view of the super-powers who have always shaped their destiny, as is revealed in a comment made to *New York Times* reporter Anthony Lewis during a recent trip to Hanoi. When Lewis asked a DRV official what would happen if the North Vietnamese capital were razed by U.S. bombers, the reply was "We have no big skyscrapers, so if the electricity stops we are not stuck on the 50th floor." It was impossible to be an American in Stockholm and not wonder how to come down from the top.

Illustration by Miguel

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Thoughts of a Palestinian Exile

"I was a Palestinian and the name had a cadence to it. I was not the bewildered, wretched native of the land: I was the native son." Fawaz Turki was born on June 10, 1940, when the war came and the years of exile began. Writing as one who has lived the tragedy of Palestine and spent a lifetime coming to terms with its intractable contradictions, he proposes here a way to break the deadly stalemate of national aspirations that holds his homeland in its grip. Turki approaches the Middle East neither as a detached commentator nor as a spokesman for any organized group; he brings to bear the acute sense of history and the intense national identity that the life of an exile can produce, a background of personal experience vividly evoked in his own words.

"If I was not a Palestinian when I left Haifa as a child, I am one now. Living in Beirut as a stateless person for most of my growing-up years, many of them in a refugee camp, I did not feel I was living among my 'Arab brothers.' I did not feel I was an Arab, a Lebanese, or, as some wretchedly pious writers claimed, a 'southern Syrian.' I was a Palestinian. And that meant I was an outsider, an alien, a refugee and a burden. To be that, for us, for my generation of Palestinians, meant to look inward, to draw closer, to be part of a minority that had its own way of doing and seeing and feeling and reacting. To be that, for us, meant the addition of a subtler nuance to the cultural makeup of our Palestinianness.

"When I was a child, a few weeks after we left Palestine in 1948, I used to sit with a crowd of people at the camp, mothers and fathers and aunts and grandparents and young wives and children, to listen to the radio at precisely three o'clock every day. The voice from Radio Israel used to come on to announce The Messages. Silence would fill the space around us. Tension would grip even the children. 'From Abu Sharef, and Jameela, Samir and Kamal in Haifa,' the words would come across the air. 'To our Leila and her husband Fouad. Are you in Lebanon? We are all well.' A few moments pause, then: 'From Abu and Um Shihadi, and Sofia and Osama to Abu Adib and his family. Is Anton with you? We are worried.' The dispassionate voice continues: 'From Ibrahim Shawki to his wife Zamzam. I have moved to Jaffa. Your father is safe with us.'

"One whole hour of this. During it an outburst of tears at the knowledge that loved ones are well. Despair that a relative is not yet located. Hope that in tomorrow's broadcast a good word may be heard. Then a trip on the bus to the Beirut station to queue up at the message office to send your own twenty-six words across the ether to the other side. Because you could not go over there yourself to say them. Because an armistice line was drawn as a consequence of a war you did not understand, did not want, did not initiate.

"Why this problem was allowed to come about in the first place is the business of the historian. He has a habit of tracing the development of every conflict, pinpointing where its seeds were planted, and endowing every subsequent event with immanent logic. He should be wished luck. But when and how this problem will be solved is our business. We have picked up our own habits, in this world, in this age of ours."

THE TRAGEDY OF THE ARABS AND THE Israelis in the Middle East has been that they suffered the consequences of not limiting or identifying their objectives. The Arabs, whose objective should have been the containment of Israel rather than its confrontation, adopted policies that were sure to activate a groundswell for war, war from which only the Israelis could emerge as victors. For twenty years the field of expression of the will of the Arab people was left in the

by Fawaz Turki

Photo of Fawaz Turki courtesy of Monthly Review Press

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hands of demagogues and fanatics, and their energies were channeled into challenging the physical existence of the state of Israel and the Jews living in it.

At a time when the memory of the gas chambers was still imprinted on the minds of the peoples of the world, and in particular the Western world, this policy helped, obversely, the Israeli cause rather than that of the Arabs. No better example could serve to illustrate this than those weeks that preceded the Six Day War, when blood-curdling threats could be heard all around the Arab world threatening Israel with destruction and its people with a sea of blood. While the Arabs were making their irresponsible statements and appearing as aggressors in world public opinion, the Israelis were preparing for war and expansion and seen as the victims.

Israeli failure to acknowledge the implications of their presence in the midst of the Arab world, and the geo-political demands that that presence made, resulted in continued frustration of their efforts to be recognized and accepted. For they wanted to create a "Jewish State"—oriented to European culture and allied to the West—in that part of the Third World that is fiercely suspicious of the Occident and its imperialistic machinations and hostile to the memory of its inglorious past. Instead of adopting the objective of becoming an integral part of the Middle East, they persisted in clinging to the concept of a "European rampart."

The Arabs of the Levant, not comprehending the designs of a state "as Jewish as England is English," viewed the Israelis as the Algerians had viewed the *pieds noirs*. The *colons* had taken their French culture to the Maghreb and continued to identify themselves as Frenchmen; in like manner the Jewish immigrants in Palestine, and later in the rigidly sectarian state of Israel, were seen as encapsulating themselves within a European culture alien to the Middle East. Although the parallel was inconsistent, that at least was how the arrogant and militarily superior Israelis were seen by the Arabs in whose midst they lived. Thus the Israelis also created for themselves a vacuum into which they fell, their hopes as irreconcilable as those of their Arab counterparts, their reality and their dialectics precluding an effective achievement of Zionist aims.

The uniqueness of the conflict in the Middle East, as three wars have shown, makes the myth and euphoria of Israeli military triumphs appear for what they are: mythical and euphoric. For these will not hide the fact that in twenty-three years of military confrontations between Arabs and Israelis there really has been neither victor nor vanquished, that the failure of one has been the failure of both, and that if one paid a price for defeat the other paid a price for victory. Where the Arabs, in the aftermath of each war, were left more disunited, stunned, mortified, and closer to bankruptcy than before, reduced to agitating for a mere return to the status quo ante, their enemy neither destroyed nor closer to being driven into the sea, the Israelis were trading one insecure border for another, allocating larger amounts of their budget for armaments, enlisting more men in their military forces who would otherwise have been of better use in the labor force, and continuing to live with more tension looming ahead, poised nervously for the next inevitable confrontation.

DEVELOPMENTS THAT FOLLOWED THE Six Day War, however, indicated that we were witnessing the first major effort in the history of the Arab-Israeli conflict to establish conditions under which the people of the Middle East can live in tolerable stability. This effort also revealed a dramatic change in the thinking and policy planning of the Arabs, and particularly the Egyptians. The Arabs of the Levant came to recognize the durability of the Israeli presence and no longer sought its destruction, although no trend toward rapprochement with the Zionists has gained much strength. The Egyptians, on the other hand, appeared to be heading toward formal recognition of the Zionist state, an end of all hostilities, and the beginning of a peace treaty. In making the latter conditional on Israeli withdrawal from the Sinai —that is to say, occupied Egyptian territory rather than occupied Arab territory—they were opting for a separate settlement and leaving the Levantines to make their own deal.

The United Arab Republic was thus serving notice on the Arabs that it was suspending its leadership of their world and returning to the position that prevailed before the first war, when Egypt was essentially a North African

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nation whose people identified themselves as Egyptians, with vague ties to the Levant based on language, religion, and culture. This policy was nothing less than a reversal of the grandiose schemes that the late President Nasser had devised to lead, mobilize, and unite the Arab world.

The Israelis, confronted by this phenomenon and suspicious of Egyptian intentions, have been slow in taking advantage of the initiative to secure that peace they have constantly proclaimed to be their only aim. Hence neither the government nor any politically influential group is working in favor of a genuine compromise. Even when negotiations through Gunnar Jarring, the United Nations representative, were going on, the Israelis were proceeding with building projects on seized Arab land in occupied Jerusalem, continuing to develop sizable communities in Sharm el-Sheikh and planning to annex, along with the Holy City, a broad strip of territory along the Jordan River ("for paramilitary settlements") and the Golan Heights.

Although in the past the Israelis had contended that the only stumbling block to peace was the Arabs' refusal to recognize Israel as a sovereign state, in the face of Egyptian willingness to sign a treaty they held that peace was contingent on Arab acceptance of "secure, agreed, and recognized borders," which meant major changes in the map in favor of an Israeli interpretation of "security." As negotiations gathered momentum, the Zionists consolidated their grip on the West Bank and accelerated their efforts to build 19,500 high-rise apartments in Jerusalem and intensive settlements in Hebron.

In peace negotiations, the Israeli concern was to deal directly with Egypt and thereby isolate it from the eastern front states, rendering the Syrian, Lebanese, and Jordanian positions more helpless. Syria, a country that had had nine military coups and six different constitutions in twenty-three years, remained erratic in its stance and rejected outright both the November 1967 UN Resolution and any contact with Jarring. Lebanon, which had lost no territory to the enemy and had not been engaged in any serious fighting, was passive. Jordan continued to be reluctant about spelling out explicitly in public its definition of an acceptable settlement, although it was reported to have conducted secret face-to-face negotiations with the Zionists.

This left the Palestinians, the group in the region with the highest stake, in a dilemma at a time when they were expected to maintain their political dynamism. They had

Photographs by Wide World

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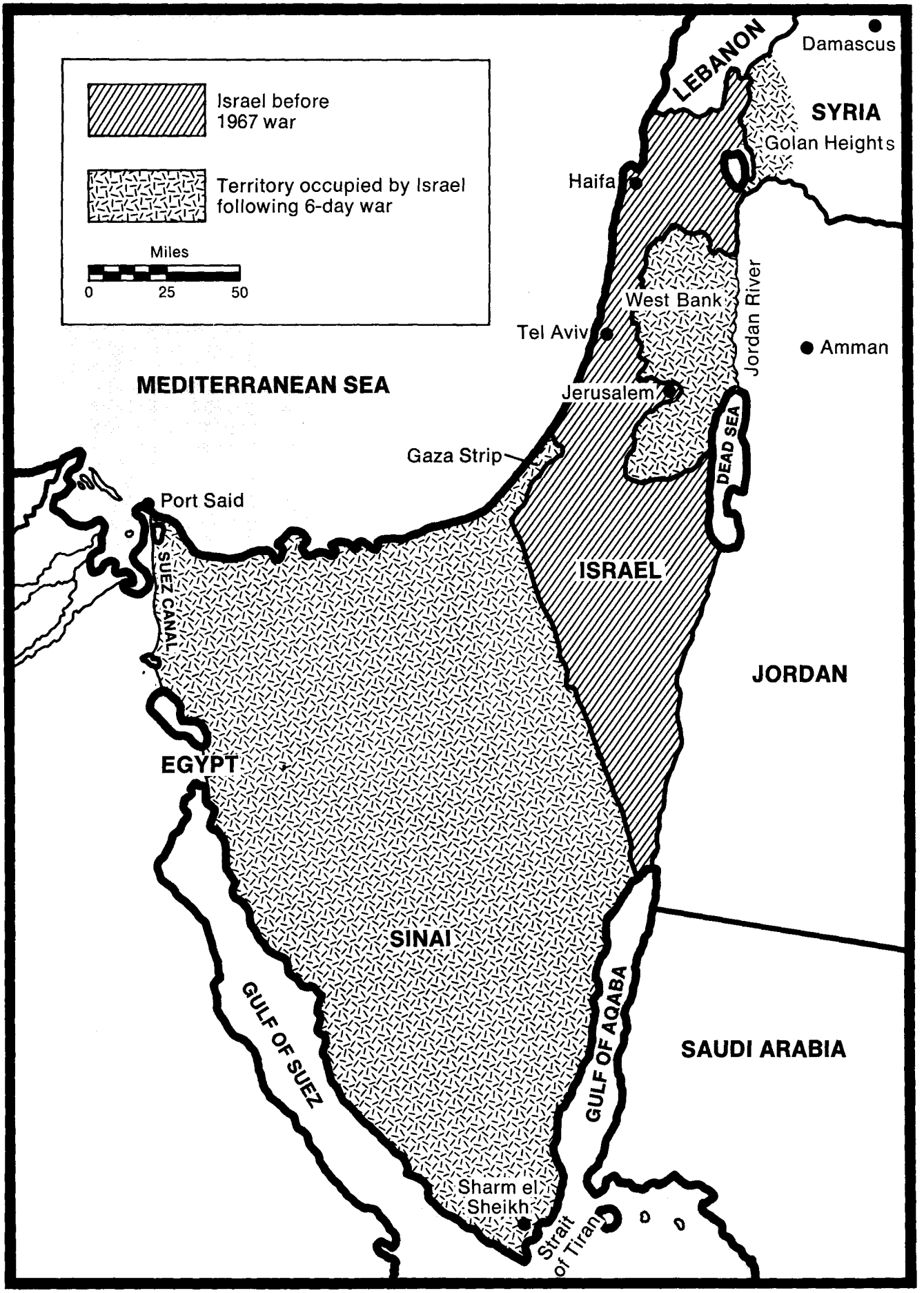

Map by John Williams

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just emerged from the Jordan civil war, which had left them weaker as a military entity, and were now contending with sustained pressure from King Hussein, the loss of Syrian support, and the defection of Egypt. There was talk of setting up a Palestinian state and bargaining over occupied territory which, except for Sinai and the Golan Heights, was Palestinian territory.

Faced with overwhelming obstacles, what were they to do to achieve their long standing aims of a democratic, unitary, and secular state in Palestine? Were they to proclaim continued and uncompromising attachment to total liberation of their homeland or acquiesce in a settlement that involved the establishment of a Palestinian state? Were the options open to them limited to these two alternatives?

WILDLY SIMPLISTIC STATEMENTS ABOUT what to do with us continued to be made up until the time of the battle of Karameh, on March 21, 1968. Before that most proposals advanced by interested parties dealt flatly with "absorption of Arab refugees." As recently as 1967, when the June War gave rise to speculation on the fate of "Arab refugees," Mr. Walter Laqueur, a well-known expert on the Middle East and the director of the Institute of Contemporary History in London, voiced the sentiments of many of those who bothered to write or read about us when he said: "The refugee problem *could* be solved—an international loan of several billion dollars would make their absorption possible, some on the west bank, others in underpopulated regions of Iraq and Syria."* One wonders what made this gentleman so confident that the Palestinians were ready to accept that when for over two decades they had adamantly refused monetary compensation, absorption, and "billion dollar loans"; and what was it about the underpopulated regions of Iraq and Syria that would have seemed so attractive to the Palestinians then that did not before.

With the emergence of the New Palestinians, debate over resettlement and large loans ceased. In other words, only when we took to armed violence did the world stop calling us "the Arab refugees" and start calling us Palestinians. Responsible statements were heard from world leaders suggesting that for the first time since their diaspora, the Palestinian people's position was now being understood. President Nixon, a man not noted for his consideration of the oppressed peoples of the world, said in his State of the World message in February 1971 that no Middle East peace was possible "without addressing the legitimate aspirations of the Palestinian people." This was significant only inasmuch as it indicated the great shift toward understanding the Palestinian cause occurring in American policy, and in that it was the first statement of its kind made by an American president.

The only sympathetic response to, or at least understanding of, the Palestinians from the Israeli side, came from the New Israelis. The Old Israelis remained adamant that either the Palestinians did not exist or that they would one day conclude a separate peace with Hussein. They were the archetypical Zionists, aging Eastern Europeans who believed blindly in Zionist claims in Palestine and contemptuously dismised competing ones. To them the Palestinians were the "natives" who, unbeknownst to the Zionists, had been illegally inhabiting the Jewish Promised Land. Driven out, the Palestinians would soon vanish into thin air. Their existence was not recognized in the same manner that Israel's existence was not recognized by the Arabs.

The New Israelis were the young men and women in Israel who did not feel the insecurity and frustration of older Zionists, who were prepared to acknowledge the validity of the Palestinian entity, and who were not blind to Palestinian national aspirations. Shlomo Avineri, a representative of this group and chairman of the Department of Political Science at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, declared bluntly that the Palestinians were the only people in the Middle East who could offer peace to Israel and with whom Israel should deal directly.

The growing awareness of Palestinian aspirations among perceptive Israelis did not extend to sympathy for the Al-Fatah concept of a secular Palestine and the return of the Palestinians to their homeland. But the departure from the hard Zionist line was in itself revealing. Avineri, in an article in *Commentary*,* cites his objection to a binational state. "Over the last century the Jews and the Palestinian Arabs have merged into national movements, each craving a home, a place in the sun, a corner of the earth it can call its own. Throwing both of them into a state which would be neither Jewish nor Arab would make it impossible for either movement to overcome mutual tension and start cooperating with the other." But he adds: "On the other hand, those like Golda Meir who continue to ask 'Who are the Palestinians?' seem increasingly out of touch with reality; for it is Palestinian organizations that send their members to kill and maim Israelis, and it is against members of Palestinian organizations that Israeli patrols lie in nightly ambush in the Jordan Valley. Under such conditions anyone still questioning the existence of Arabs who call themselves Palestinian is talking ideology not facts."

THE PALESTINIANS CURRENTLY FIND themselves confronted by the choice of taking either one of two roads. They can consider a solution now that departs, in one degree or another, from their set aims of a secular state in Palestine; or they can continue the struggle until the whole of their homeland is liberated. A settlement involving the former choice can take many forms. One of these is the creation of a separate Palestinian state in what became, in June 1967, occupied territory under Israeli military administration—namely, the West Bank and Gaza, the eastern and southern regions of Palestine that were respectively annexed by Jordan and occupied by the Egyptian military authorities in the first Arab-Israeli war in 1948.

If the Palestinians accept this solution, it is assumed that the Zionists will at last have to pay the compensation for seized Palestinian land and property in Israel that

* *"Is Peace in the Middle East Possible," in* The Israeli-Arab Reader, A Documentary History of the Middle East Conflict, *Walter Laqueur, ed. (New York: Citadel Press, 1969).*

* *"The Palestinians and Israel,"* Commentary *(June 1970), p. 41.*

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the refugees have hitherto rejected; and it is also assumed that a land corridor along the Beersheba, connecting the West Bank to the Gaza Strip for access to the Mediterranean, would be granted. This would guarantee the economic and geographical viability of the projected state. The establishment of an entity such as this would be predicated in practice on the knowledge that a Palestinian nation is to be reborn, rather than an artificial state to be created.

Present Israeli insensitivity to the existence of the Palestinians, and Hussein's mule-like stubbornness in trying to subdue them and their movement, are hampering the efforts of Palestinian leaders to study, if only quietly, the conditions under which the idea of a separate, independent, and dynamic Palestinian state could evolve in reality.* It is quite obvious that a Palestinian state would give birth to the first truly popular government in the Arab world and be the first revolutionary regime in the area to represent the will of the people. For in contrast, the Iraqi, Egyptian and other takeover governments in the Middle East came to power as an expression of nationalist or bourgeois movements rather than as a spontaneous explosion of the masses. The new Palestinian nation will thus not be re-established for the benefit of rich landowners and businessmen, but for the working masses and the peasants.

As a Palestinian, the prospect of an end to my isolation from the mainstream of other men's ordered activities and purposes exercises an intensely strange fascination on my mind. I am lured by the agony of wanting, *now*, in my own lifetime, the chance to know what it feels like, how the experience would sense in my brain, to be, for the first time since I was a child, the citizen of a country, a native of a land that is my own, all my own, with hills and mountains, and children in brick houses, where I could sit with my people, no longer menaced, no longer destitute.

I will not get this chance if some Arab leaders consider me a danger to their feudal systems and want to crush me, if some Israelis consider me nonexistent when I petition for my rights, and if the world considers me a mere refugee waiting for a shipment of food. Without this chance, I have nothing to lose. Everything to destroy. All the time to give.

But what can we do now? What lies ahead for us in this crucial phase of our revolution? The Egyptians have defected from our cause, or at least have reconsidered their priorities and concerns. The Jordanians want to crush us if they can. The Syrians and other Levantines want to reduce us to mere puppets and place us, as they had done before, under their erratic and irresponsible leadership. The Israelis have yet to acknowledge that we exist. The Big Powers want to put an end to us in one way or another. And we merely want to return to our homeland, to Palestine, where we and those already there can live in peace.

But those who now rule and live in our homeland have not shown themselves susceptible to this solution. In a land where a poll shows 54 percent of the population hostile to the notion of giving up even occupied territory, let alone welcoming us back into their midst, we will have to do a devil of a lot more convincing than we have hitherto done. Or we have to intensify our armed struggle and match our words with violence. And this will mean we are setting for ourselves a goal, the achievement of which will take not a year or two or three or a score, not a decade or two or three or a generation, not a lifetime or two or three, but it will take more. Maybe the shadow of infinity will loom ahead of us. Maybe we will perish on the road. Maybe, because we are human, we will make the same blunders we made before.

We know our rights in Palestine. There are many around the world who know our rights in Palestine. There are many more who one day will.

Can we wait?

Those reading this essay and those fifty thousand Palestinians with their arms and the dignity of freedom as they wait on the hills, and those of our people galvanized by truth, will say the response to this test should be positive. It is the whole we want and not the part. It is Palestine we want where we have our roots. It is a New Nation we want where we do not have to plant them anew.

It was 1937. Then it was 1947. This is followed by 1971. We have paid a price. How much more can we pay?

If you live a comfortable existence where the problems of life are examined within the matrix of ideology and rationality, your world is a habitable one. If you give twenty years of your life in a refugee camp, you have paid a high price. If you are asked to sacrifice another twenty, the price becomes intolerable. If you are asked to make your yet unborn child take on your burden, you are committing an injustice. If you look around you and your existence is and has been a meaningless and tedious round of sparring with the vagaries of life for the most basic and the most simple needs of nature, when now you win, now you lose, ideology and rationality go out the mud-house window into the courtyard, near the waterpump, at the refugee camp. And because you are fatigued and dispossessed, you want to accept the part and not the whole. The Palestinian problem has never been to the Palestinian people a crisis, a crisis of political intent, but a tragedy they have lived every day of their lives.

We are offered part of our homeland back; we have been robbed of the rest. We can examine the offer. We can bargain tenaciously. We can talk and reason and listen. We can look at what we have. What we have not. What we will have. If we can build a New Palestine nation where life will be meaningful and where we can lay the foundations for yet another era in self-assertion and rebirth in the short history of our revolution, when our revolutionary awareness can be coupled with evolutionary development, then we ought to commence now. If the New Palestinian nation, before its inception, does not appear to truly represent our political aims, or will not truly be a projection of our dreams, then we reject it. Then we continue our struggle. Then we will have tried.

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* *The Israeli government has officially expressed its hostility to the idea of an independent state for the Palestinian people. "We do not believe," Golda Meir said* (Newsweek *interview, March 8, 1971), "there is room for three states between the Mediterranean and the Iraqi border . . . a third state is not possible if there is to be peace in the area. . . ." In Amman the "parliament" condemned the notion of granting the Palestinians independence in any form (February 24, 1971).*

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UNCLE BOB

Tell us about small claims court . . .

IT'S STRANGE THAT you ask. Small claims courts never seemed to me very important or interesting, until I started thinking and reading about them. Lo and behold, I turned up enough for a column.

Most everyone gets angry enough at his landlord, his auto mechanic or a local merchant to want to sue-the-son-of-a-bitch. Usually it passes: we don't know how to sue, we imagine the complications, the time it takes, the legal fees; and it never seems worth it. Small claims courts do cut through most of these obstacles. It is possible to sue in pleasant surroundings, with dispatch, without lawyers, without pompous circumstance and huge costs. In Massachusetts it costs exactly $1.78, accord ng to *Consumer Reports,* which never lies. Here is how:

1. *Call up the clerk* of the small claims court in your town/county and ask the following questions. If the clerk won't answer you over the phone, tell him/her that you are bedridden and cannot get down to the office in person, and say something like "I thought the small claims court was for little people, people like me, etc." until guilt carries the day.

a. Are lawyers allowed to defendants? (I'm assuming you are the plaintiff.)

b. Describe your complaint and ask if the court has jurisdiction over this kind of case.

c. Tell the clerk where the defendant lives or works or does business and ask if the court has jurisdiction over the defendant.

d. Ask if your complaint must exactly locate the defendant's *legal* address. In some states it isn't good enough to use the address you find in the telephone book or even on a receipt you may have saved. If strict accuracy is required, ask the clerk how you can find out what is the proper address to use in your suit. Usually, you can write a note to the secretary of state at the state capital, and to the county clerk at the county seat in which you think the defendant lives/works/does business, and ask them to check their records for you.

e. Ask the court clerk to send you the filing forms and instructions. They are free.

2. *Fill out the forms* legibly, concisely stating your case without malice or venom. Remember that you are into a liberal reformist institution now, where right-thinking people are expected to be rational and calm. If you are a crazy, use a brick, not a Bic Banana, to get your justice.

3. *Prepare thyself.* Make sure that you have some receipt or cancelled check or something to prove that you actually bought the crummy merchandise or paid the rent deposit in the first place. Haul the merchandise into court if you like; show the judge it doesn't work. Rehearse your pitch, and get it down to a couple of minutes. If it's a complicated story, jot down some notes with the events in chronological order. Remember your day-in-court is about five minutes long.

4. *Think about witnesses.* If the receipts alone are not convincing, as in technical disputes over poor workmanship by auto mechanics and such, you might want to get a qualified mechanic to testify. Your best friend won't do —the witness needs to be an expert that the judge will believe. Witnesses do not get paid.

5. *Be on time.* If court convenes at 9 a.m., the bailiff may start calling the roll of cases sharply at nine and you better be there to get onto the docket. If you are unable to make the court date once it has been set, be sure to call up the clerk and ask that a continuance be granted, otherwise you may not only have your case dismissed (preventing you from suing again), the judge may even grant an award to the defendant—ordering you to pay *him* some money.

6. *Control yourself in court.* Make your presentation without great passion or accusation. Do not try to convince the judge that the defendant is a thief. Let the facts speak for themselves.

AND NOW A LITTLE history. Way back in the '30s lots of states set up informal courts where poor souls could sue each other cheaply and fast. These lumpen tribunals were designed to simplify the settlement of minor disputes, to cut the prohibitive costs usually attendant on civil litigation, and in the words of the *Columbia Law School Journal*, the small claims courts were also to "avoid alienation of large segments of the population from the court systems." You remember hearing about the '30s, and all those troubles—some people thought there might even be a revolution if some reforms were not made. They were, and there wasn't.

Before the days of small claims courts, justices-of-the-peace handled little disputes between creditors and debtors. Attached to that arrangement was a capitalistic incentive system—the JP getting personally paid for his services as judge from fees which were paid by users. Since the users were mostly petty merchants and collection agencies, the JP soon descended from his lofty judicial perch and became a tool of merchantry. The quality of justice yielded, and justice-of-the-peace became justice-for-a-piece of the action. Now things are better: the judges are berobed, are all lawyers, and now the taxpayers get to pay the judge a salary. Sounds like a good deal, right? Those scurvy, avaricious businessmen who have been plundering and pillaging us all these years better watch their ass, 'cause we got our own People's Court. Right?

Dead wrong!

Small claims courts have been taken over by those same folks who owned the JPs. Recent studies show that over

(Continued on Page 55)

by Bob Cratchit

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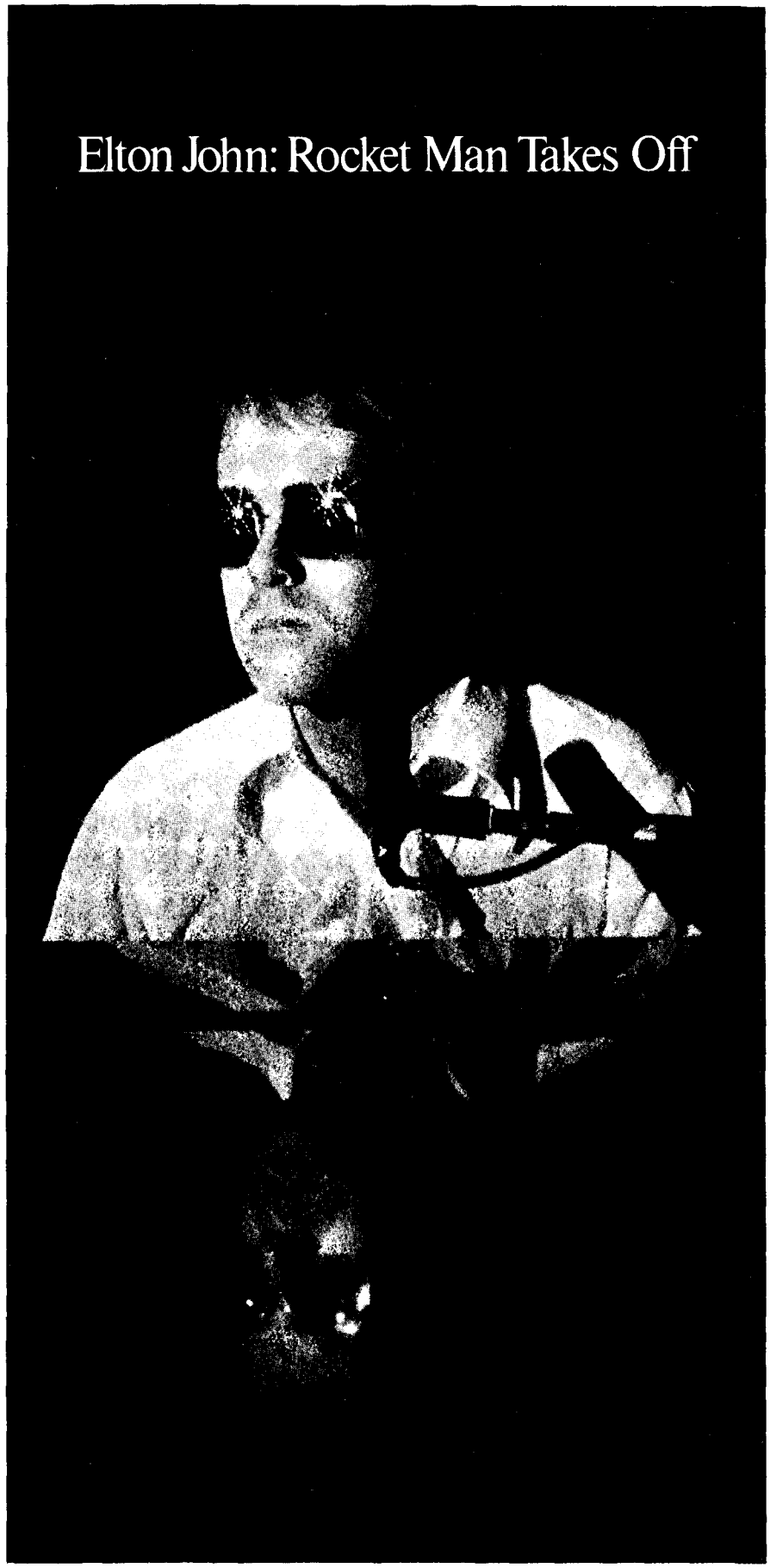
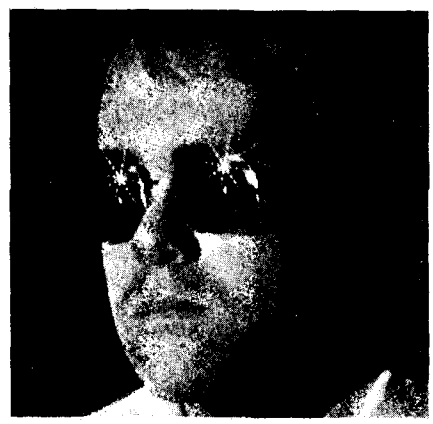
Elton John: Rocket Man Takes Off



by Dick Lupoff

THE CHANCES ARE that you've never heard *Empty Sky*, Elton John's first album on the English DJM (Dick James Music) label; it's an interesting record, moderately rewarding to the ear but of greater value for the information it can offer as to where he came from, musically. He's one of those odd popular musicians who give trouble to the chronicler of the popular arts: is he saying something serious (Lennon, Dylan, Davies, Townshend) or is he sham-profound, in truth substanceless (Neil Diamond, Dion Di-



Mucci, Paul Anka)?

He came onto the American scene in 1970 with a fine "debut" album, *Elton John*, and at first the people who take popular music at all seriously took him seriously. His second American album, *Tumbleweed Connection*, was eagerly awaited and listened to with considerable pleasure but with an unsettling feeling that he was merely repeating the musical statements of its predecessor.

Followed a period of amazing productivity and mass (i.e., AM radio and single record sales) acceptance, coupled with complete disenchantment on the part of the rock intelligentsia.

Elton John is back now with a fine new album, *Honky Chateau*, from which an immensely good single is riding the Top 40 circuit, and it may be hoped that the post-teenybopper crowd can be coaxed back to their turntables long enough to listen once thoroughly to the album. Once should be enough to gain for Elton John at least recognition as a serious artist, if not the stature of a giant.

Really the first thing to remember is that we're dealing with a words-and-music team on the classic model: the songs begin with poems by Bernie Tau-

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pin, music is added by Reginald K. Dwight who also performs as—Elton John. There is an extensive supporting cast for the act, most notably comprising Gus Dudgeon, an outstanding producer, and a large number of musicians. The latter have played on seven Elton John albums (six if you disqualify *Friends,* a motion-picture soundtrack), one of Taupin reciting his poetry over musical backgrounds, two as a band called Hookfoot and one (differently configured) as Nigel Olsson's Drum Orchestra and Chorus.

That's a *lot* of music, likely too much. For the artists it means stretching a given amount of creativity just too far; for the listener it means a sensory input overload: compare it to reading the collected works of a single author—the mind craves variety.

John has also done studio work for others, has produced two album sides for John Baldry (other Baldry sides produced by Rod Stewart are better) and toured to huge success, employing a kind of manic, high-energy, semi-camp approach that adds welcome humor to the sometimes oversentimental feel of his recordings. His records tend to be a little too pretty, the lush arrangements on occasion become mushy, and he adds little tonal curliques to his singing that are pleasant to the ear but become distracting from the melodic statements striving to be heard.

As for Taupin's lyrics, they are worthwhile statements, poetry in more than rhyme and meter, and appropriately disseminated by means of popular music—which is the only way poetry reaches a mass audience now. Again, the chief fault of Taupin's words is their distressing tendency to descend into sentimentality (certainly a common enough tendency in popular lyrics but one more often overcome in modern—Chuck Berry and beyond—rock than in "easy listening" music).

Honky Chateau features arrangements unusual for John, some of the best music he has ever done, and some of the best poetry Taupin has ever written. The popular single from the album, "Rocket Man," is a perfect capture of a moment and a statement, something worthy in this sense (although not in style) of John Lennon.

Rock came of age during the early years of the space age, and the literature of this music is studded with songs harking to traditional science fictional themes, some of them now made real, others still projected. Even a casual compilation of such material starts with a clutch of *oeufs:* "CTA 102," "Space Odyssey," "Hungry Planet," "Mr. Spaceman," and the archetypal "Armstrong, Aldrin and Collins." There are Joe Cocker's "Space Captain," Pink Floyd's "Interstellar Overdrive," "Cirrus Minor," and "Set the Controls for the Heart of the Sun," Jagger and Richard's "2000 Light Years from Home," Crosby and Stills' overwhelming "Wooden Ships," dozens of other songs by lesser musical figures, and Paul Kantner and Grace Slick's song-cycle "Blows Against the Empire."

Science fiction reciprocates with characters like Samuel R. Delany's Saint Ringo and Michael Moorcock's Jerry Cornelius, and the *real* spacemen add their note by naming lunar features for figures closely associated with science fiction: Jules Verne, Hugo Gernsback, Willy Ley. All that remains to be done is for some astronomer to dub a dark star Jerry Garcia.

Science fiction long held up a glittering dream of what space flight would be when once it was attained. A generation ago Philip Klass, writing as William Tenn, included "a sloppily sentimental ballad currently popular among the Scouts" in his story "The Last Bounce." It went like this:

No more to the stars will I go,
No more a smooth jet will I know;
Through spendthrift days, a maiden's praise
Will hold me in thrall.
I'll go my ways, and end my days

On some mould'ring ball.
No more to the stars will I go—
O lads!
No more to the stars will I go.

One can only assume from the author's own description of that piece of *kitsch* that he knew what he was doing and was capable of better if he'd wished.

By 1964 Philip K. Dick was capable of making far more sensible assessments of what things will be like. In *The Simulacra* he has a character say, "It's going to be lonely as hell on Mars; we wouldn't have any neighbors except perhaps simulacra. And I've seen enough of them as it is to last me the rest of my life."

Whether by inspiration or coincidence, Taupin revises Dick's words into this verse from "Rocket Man":

Mars ain't the place to raise your kids,
In fact it's cold as hell
And there's no one there to raise them if you did.

It has been the accomplishment of the Nixon Administration to reveal our nation's space program as no outburst of romantic exploration but a cold and management-oriented, politico-bureaucratic enterprise, the spacemen them-

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selves not starry-eyed idealists but careerist military engineers. Perhaps that's the only way it was possible to reach the moon; still, such images as Nixon's euchrous smirk while placing a telephone call to the moon or a millionnaire admiral driving a golf ball across the lunar surface, are hard for a veteran space-dreamer to accept.

And Bernie Taupin, bless him, captures the disappointing reality in four short lines:

And all this science,
I don't understand.
It's just my job, five days a week,
A rocket man.

The album is, of course, a lot more than "Rocket Man." There are ten songs, all recorded during a sojourn in France, with a combination of Elton John's regular musicians and a group of French performers, most notable among them Jean-Luc Ponty, a slashing electric violinist best known in the United States for his album of compositions by Frank Zappa, *King Kong.*

Other added personnel include a fine horn section on the song "Honky Cat," providing a treatment that harks all the way back to *Empty Sky,* and a boisterous sound reminiscent of the Sons of Champlin's early album *Loosen Up Naturally.*

The material on *Honky Chateau* is varied from straight-out rockers ("Think I'm Gonna Kill Myself," "Susie") to geographical evocations ("Mona Lisas and Mad Hatters"). There's the hymn that seems almost obligatory these days, but I suppose it's a good idea to rescue that from the somnambulistics of Sankey and Booth. And "Slave" seems a bit too much in the overdone vein of Neil Young's "Southern Man" and "Alabam'."

Still, the good material in *Honky Chateau* far outweighs its weaknesses. If the people who abandoned Elton John when he slid into his period of self-derivation will come back and take a fresh listen, they will be rewarded.

THE BUNCH

[A&M]

The English folk-rock group Fairport Convention has been the source of a steady stream of talented alumni who seem to start new bands at the drop of a stylus; the Bunch consists of Sandy Denny, Richard Thompson, Dave Mattacks and Tyger Hutchings of Fairport, several members of Fotheringay (the group which Sandy Denny started when she left Fairport) and others from the ever-shifting mass of their associates.

The material is a dozen all-out classic rockers by Buddy Holly, Elvis Presley, Carole King, Dion, Johnny Otis, Chuck Berry, Phil Everly and—Hank Williams! Hot, non-folk performances, fine singing by Sandy Denny and others, piano by Ian Whiteman, bass by Pat Donaldson. . . .

It's altogether a delightful album, far more coherent and sharp than one would expect of this kind of grab-bag band production. Former member of Fotheringay and sometime engineer Trevor Lucas is listed as producer of the Bunch; as such I suspect that he deserves major credit for this album, which is bound to get plenty of play and will deserve every bit of it.

FILLMORE: THE LAST DAYS

[Fillmore]

The closing, a year ago, of Bill Graham's Fillmore West and Fillmore East was, for some, the end of an era. For others, it was one of the major non-events of recent years. For while Graham discontinued his regular series of weekly rock shows at the Fillmores, he did *not* retire from rock promoting. In San Francisco in particular he had already transferred most of his top attractions to Winterland, the San Francisco Civic Auditorium, the Berkeley Community Theater or the Oakland Coliseum—all of which have the attractive characteristic of seating larger audiences than the Carousel Ballroom, which had housed the Fillmore West since its earlier move from the original Fillmore Ballroom.

Still, as a media happening, the Fillmore West closing qualified as news of a sort, and was solemnized with a week-long party featuring a large array of local bands. There was good music indeed, much of it recorded for the sound-track of a feature-length film, and even more of it available in this three-record album. But the music in the film was diluted by too many second- and third-rate groups, and by some second- and third-rate performances by groups which have done better in the past.

Surely the best track on the album is the Grateful Dead's "Casey Jones," one of the most rousing live-recorded songs I've ever heard. And "Poppa Can Play" is a welcome chance to hear the Sons of Champlin, whose own albums are far too few.

But Malo's "Pana" is just so much noise to these ears, Quicksilver Messenger Service was already into its precipitous slide when this album was made, Tower of Power and Cold Blood come across as sloppy and pretentious. . . .

And aside from the shortcomings of this or that particular track, *Fillmore* inevitably suffers from the failing of *any* such *de facto* sampler, the disparity of style and spirit between songs that makes it impossible for the listener to develop and sustain a mood compatible with the music going on.

Still, considering the huge success of the *Woodstock* albums, *Fillmore* will almost certainly sell well. It is a piece of history, a gimmick and a conversation piece. And it will inevitably, I suppose, be followed by *Fillmore East,* and people will buy that too.

But will they buy *Winterland?*

Will they buy *Oakland Coliseum?* ■

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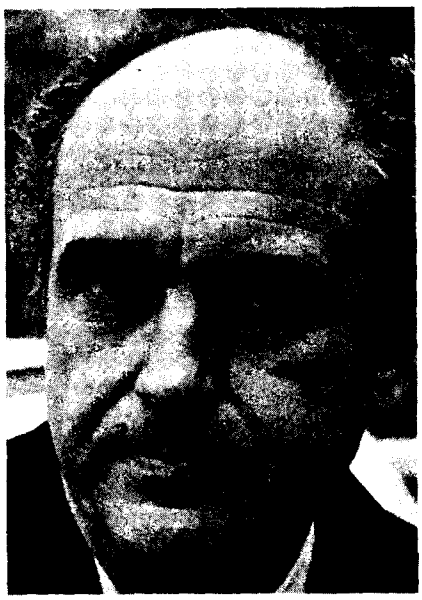
Review



PATERNALISTIC CAPITALISM, by Andreas G. Papandreou. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1972. $7.50.

SOME BOOKS ARE noteworthy for their contents, others because of who wrote them. This one is more the latter than the former; there is little strikingly new in it. However, some people (perhaps some economists especially) may pay attention to Papandreou, who have ignored the same points made earlier by all those who have made them—Marx, Veblen, Baran and Sweezy, Magdoff, O'Connor, Oglesby, Horowitz, to name a few.

Everyone must have heard of Papandreou by now. He was the cabinet minister who, in the elections of 1967, expected to lead a new government—a liberal one. Instead, he was thrown in jail by the military junta that seized power, and that still holds it in Greece. One can only guess about others' thought processes, but in this case it seems reasonable to believe that Papandreou worked back from that coup, to the CIA, to American imperialism, to what he calls "paternalistic capitalism." What he means by that term, incidentally, is not much different from what is meant by monopoly capitalism, state capitalism, or simply imperialism, by others. That he uses the term paternalism to identify a system that, as he himself says, "is entirely stripped of any implication that it may be benevolent" (p. 6), tells more of the hesitancy of his new stance, than of the stance itself.

Papandreou has nothing pleasant to say either about American capitalism or about mainstream economics, both of which he once proudly hailed. He was chairman of the Economics Department at Berkeley in the late '50s, and wittingly or not helped grease the skids toward more and more of what he now rejects. The book starts off with a hard, dry, but polite attack on the main elements of economic theory, as she is written and taught. Except for those steeped in the stuff, what he has to say will be barely intelligible; he is speaking essentially to those who have a lot to unlearn.

Papandreou's heart, and his most direct language, are found in the chapter entitled "Peaceful Coexistence and Counter-Revolution," where Greece moves on and off the stage regularly. He rejects the notion that the "cold war" was "cold"—"it actually almost never was" (p. 121). More to the point, he argues, "it seems rather clear on the basis of available evidence that in the era of confrontation [1946 to 1963, by his dating] the *action* was American and the *response* Russian" (p. 123; his emphasis). And for him, the central point: ". . . in the case of Greece there was no danger of Russian intervention or involvement. . . . Notwithstanding the rhetoric about democracy, the U.S. intervention in Greece represented above all a counter-revolutionary action in the service of the strategic and economic interests of the United States in the eastern Mediterranean and the Middle East" (p. 128).

The American intervention referred to began in 1947, with the Truman Doctrine. From that point on, a line goes directly (if also crookedly, in both senses of the term) through the Marshall Plan, NATO, SEATO, CENTO, and, to among other places, the savage war against Indochina. His comment on NATO is characteristic:

> *The NATO directorate, a vast military and economic complex under the direct control of the Pentagon, exercises decisive influence over the establishments of the participating Western European countries—and is indeed itself a not insignificant component of these establishments. Its network of power extends from the military elites and the top echelons of the national security bureaucracies in general, to the economic and political elites of the member nations. And the Warsaw Pact directorate, controlled by Moscow, has become by now a far more reliable instrument of control over the Soviet Union's European satellites than the local communist parties (p. 135).*

Papandreou has quarrels with Baran and Sweezy's *Monopoly Capital*, and with Galbraith's *New Industrial State;* but it is gratifying to note that, whereas he rejects Galbraith's optimism about the present structure and uses of power as being foolish (pp. 72–89), his major cavil with Baran and Sweezy boils down to the kind of argument that Marxists have with each other (i.e., the controversy between Fitch/Oppenheimer and Sweezy/O'Connor over "Who Rules the Corporations," in *Socialist Revolution*, in 1970–71). It is an argument not about whether the economy is run by a small number of corporate giants, but the sectoral identification of those giants. Papandreou is an eclectic himself, and he leans toward some combination of Sweezy, and C. Wright Mills as modified by Domhoff:

> *Thus, the focus of power in the contemporary American Establishment rests with the corporate managerial-capitalist elite, the civilian nonbureaucratic component of the national security managerial group, the top echelons of the bureaucracy charged with the management of national security, and especially, of course, the military bureaucracy. Of these components of the Establishment, the most senior, in a truly pervasive sense, is the corporate elite. The corporate elite underlies, and is, in the last analysis, identified with all of them. The American dominant class now rules by having occupied the "core" of the Establishment in an effectively comprehensive, all-enveloping way (p. 119).*

Something of a far cry, that, from the Marshallian representative firm and the minimal state that still sit at the center of economic theory.

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Papandreou has other harsh things to say—about how "the underdeveloped areas" contribute to financing the development of the United States, rather than *vice versa* (pp. 144–146); about the multinational corporation and the "new mercantilism"; and, *inter alia, about socialism and planning.* But you get the idea.

The book is worth reading for everyone, even though in what was evidently a hurried effort he relies entirely too much on very long quotations (from people like Barnet, Hyman, Mills, *et al.*). It would have been a better book had he taken the time to digest those materials and find his own thoughts on the same matters. But one can forgive a sense of urgency to a once-moderate, now radical, economist who has been busted (and almost blown away) by Greek fascists operating in the interests of Americans. Right on, Andreas. —DOUG DOWD

SOVIET DISSIDENTS

(From Page 28)

3) Compilations of literary, political, and historical materials, the most famous of which are Galanskov's *Phoenix 1966,* Ginzburg's *White Book* on the Sinyavsky-Daniel case, and Chornovil's *The Misfortune of Intellect,* portraits of arrested Ukrainian dissidents.

4) *Political works from abroad.* Popular writings seem to be Djilas' *New Class* and the study of the Communist Party by the émigré Avtorkhanov. Isaac Deutscher's writings on the USSR, as well as Trotsky's works, are known to circulate in *samizdat.*

5) *On-going periodicals,* notably the Ukrainian *Visnyk; Crime and Punishment,* a newsletter described in one source as providing information on the dissident movement as a whole despite Party efforts to suppress it.

6) *Internal movement documents.* For example, the dissident poet, philosopher, and mathematician, Alexander Yesenin-Volpin, wrote a "legal aide-memoire" in 1968 designed to guide anyone facing the prospect of interrogation. The dissenters, many of whom have been through the mill from preliminary investigation and detention through trial and incarceration, have become first rate "jail-house lawyers," skilled in all points of Soviet law. There are also documents addressing other documents—for example, rejoinders to Sakharov's essay from within the movement.

7) *Historical, political, and philosophical essays on Stalin, Stalinism, de-Stalinization, and re-Stalinization.*

In this last category of *samizdat* belongs a document of major importance, recently published in the West, namely Roy Medvedev's majestic study *Let History Judge: The Origins and Consequences of Stalinism.* It deserves special consideration here.

[CONFRONTATION WITH STALIN]

MOST WESTERNERS who have followed the dissident movement probably came upon the name of Roy Medvedev for the first time in Sakharov's essay. Sakharov identifies him as the author of a "profound analysis" of Stalinism "written from a socialist, Marxist point of view." Sakharov calls it a "successful work" and laments the fact that it has not been published. Then he adds, "The present author is not likely to receive such a compliment from Comrade Medvedev, who finds elements of 'westernism' in his views. Well, there is nothing like controversy!"

Despite their comradely differences of opinion, Sakharov and Medvedev share a revulsion for the memory of Stalin. The revulsion is intense, total, and unmitigated, and directed at Stalin personally as well as the system he bossed and symbolized. This historiographical-political problem—impinging on history as past and present politics—of defining and interpreting Stalin is the core of that quest for self-identification alluded to earlier. There is a current Soviet saying: "Tell me what your attitude is toward Ivan Denisovitch, and I will tell you who you are." This might be amended, without changing its meaning, to "Tell me what your attitude is toward Stalin, and I will tell you who you are."

There is no ambiguity about what men like Sakharov and Medvedev think of him. They go far beyond even the most hostile critics of the USSR in the West, in handing down a criminal indictment of Stalin, not to mention what they see as his other failures. Sakharov categorizes his regime as a variety of fascism. Medvedev's detailed accounts comprise a catalog of horrors perpetrated against all strata in Soviet society, including those at the highest levels of Party and government. More Russian officers were lost in 1937–38 than during any war, Medvedev comments; more Russian communists were killed during this period than in the Revolution and Civil War. "In all probability," writes Medvedev, "Stalin shot more participants in the Spanish Civil War than the number killed by fascist bullets in Spain."

These and other evaluations are not unknown in the West. Communist as well as non-communist students of Soviet development will find nothing new in Medvedev's charges and in the whole of Medvedev's searing chronicle, save perhaps for many a personal detail provided by friends of the author and others who supplied him with unpublished information. Nor are Medvedev's theoretical insights particularly novel. His analysis of what caused and maintained Stalinism is pretty much an eclectic synthesis of various sociological and historical assessments made by many analysts, mainly on the left.

If anything, Medvedev tends to eschew purely sociological explanations in favor of *locating the burden of guilt.* From this fervent moral confrontation with Stalin and Stalinists comes the real power of the work. That power is augmented by Medvedev's being a loyal Soviet citizen, a dedicated communist (since expelled from the Party), a believer in socialism and Marxism, and a man whose willingness to sniff around in the stench of rotten annals is matched by a conviction that the vital signs of the Soviet people and their system are still strong and resilient.

On the other hand, his approach to the question leads Medvedev to engage in much personality-cult analysis in reverse: Stalin and his entourage tricked and deceived the Party and the Soviet people and were solely responsible for the crimes and errors. The Chinese, not without malice, cleverly pointed out this flaw in Khrushchev's attack on Stalin: Can it be, they asked, that all those years the Party and people were led by a madman and a scoundrel? When Medvedev and others slip into this kind of reasoning, they are beset by what Trotsky called Stalinophobia

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(much as most communists in his time were afflicted with Stalinophilia), and are ignoring the socio-political and cultural forces which conditioned and continue to condition the system.

In any event, Medvedev will have none of Isaac Deutscher's view, which depicts Stalin as a tyrant using barbarous means to drive primitiveness and barbarism out of old Russia. (He ranks Deutscher as a "bourgeois historian" —a comment on the woeful isolation of Soviet scholars.) He also gives short shrift to the official view since Khrushchev, which ranks Stalin as a great revolutionary who made "mistakes." On the contrary, whatever successes the Soviet Union achieved in the Stalin era, in Medvedev's view, came about despite, not because of, the Stalin leadership." By his crimes Stalin did not help, he hindered, he did not accelerate, he slowed the people's movement to socialism and communism in the Soviet Union and in the whole world. In some respects Stalin even turned this movement backward." This is pretty thoroughgoing stuff. The reference to the world movement is interesting, but unfortunately the section on foreign affairs is weak, dealing mainly with Stalin's mismanagement of the war against the Nazis. Medvedev takes a conventional view of the Nazi-Soviet pact as a necessary evil, but he cites some (unpublished) reflections about the pact by the popular writer Konstantin Simonov:

And yet, when you look back, you feel that for all the logic of raison d' état *in this pact, much that accompanied its conclusion took away from us, simply as people, for almost two years, some part of that exceptionally important sense of ourselves, which was and is our precious peculiarity, connected with such a concept as "the first socialist state in the world." . . . That is, something happened which was in a moral sense very bad.*

One wonders whether many Russians would echo Simonov's thoughts about the Nixon-Brezhnev agreements. Any *raison d'état* which banks on the reasonableness of the anti-communist great powers, or is mesmerized by visions of peace and security through collaboration, is not only morally disquieting, but even unsuccessful in its own terms. Stalin's intervention in Spain not only de-radicalized the urban and agrarian revolutions going on there, but failed to save the Spanish republic. His deals with Hitler not only stunned and depressed communists everywhere, but failed to prevent a German attack. His grand strategy with the allies during the Second World War not only betrayed the Greek revolution and paralyzed the communist movements in Western Europe, but failed to forestall a generation of Cold War and the mobilization of U.S. global anti-communism. In this area "the consequences of Stalinism" are very much with us. All of the tact which has enveloped Soviet assistance to the Vietnamese is paid for in the rivers of blood shed by the peoples of Indochina and did not prevent Washington from daring a confrontation with the USSR in the Tonkin Gulf.

Such concerns are unfortunately but understandably not central to the dissident movement. The quest for justice at home overshadows all other issues. Solzhenitsyn and Medvedev represent

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two different directions in that quest.

Solzhenitsyn's militant temperament is informed by a distinctly Christian populist spirit reminiscent of both Dostoevsky and Tolstoy. Though perhaps sympathetic to the ethical side of the socialist idea, he is clearly averse to Marxian categories and seems to regard history in the USSR as a series of cruel and arbitrary acts inflicted by evil men on innocent masses for no justifiable purpose. His vision of regeneration involves moral transformation and his writings and public statements call on the creative writer and the Orthodox Church to lead the way.

Medvedev, the anti-Stalinist Marxist, is less prone to regard the Soviet past and future so apolitically. He holds fast to the ideas and political forms which inspired the Bolshevik revolution and exculpates them from the crimes of Stalinism. His vision of regeneration involves political reform, and he calls upon the Party to lead the way.

Each of these visions of What Is To Be Done remains shallow and irrelevant so long as the Russian masses, depoliticized by four decades of Stalinism, shy away from public issues. Meanwhile, as in 19th century Russia, political engagement still means largely the confrontation of a dissident intelligentsia with a repressive bureaucracy.

[TWILIGHT AT NOON]

WHEN MEDVEDEV BEGAN his work in 1962, he fully expected to get it published. That might have been conceivable under Khrushchev, but it is unthinkable under Brezhnev. Today, caution and enforced orthodoxy prevail in all areas of scholarship. The full obliteration of dissenting trends is impossible, however, so long as the leadership pursues a contradictory politics which prevents it from fully breaking with Stalinism or from fully restoring it. In this half light (or half dark) much intellectual venturing is possible. While the climate is fearful, the petrifying fear which marked the past is gone. Solzhenitsyn describes how the authorities harass him at every turn, how difficult it is to research his trilogy on the First World War when scholarly and other documentation is shut off from him. But still he manages to gather materials. Well-wishers throughout the country send him their own memoirs and books that are difficult to obtain. Medvedev too cites dozens of unpublished personal chronicles, historical and philosophical essays, and scholarly treatises from friends, Old Bolsheviks, and anonymous writers—much like a huge, submerged corpus of historical *samizdat*.

As for what might be called *gosizdat*, official or state publishing, the challenge to orthodoxy goes on—if less open, frequent or direct than in the exciting decade 1956–1966. Younger historians who are interested in new approaches will still shy away from hard-core political issues, especially those connected with the Stalin period. But the process of formulating new world views different from the accepted canons need not be limited to headlong collisions over, say, the truth about Bukharin or Trotsky. Where a loosened orthodoxy rules, *any* issue, even a politically remote one, bears the seeds of challenge and controversy. Thus dissenters might be defined in relation to such themes as the character of feudalism in Russia, the nature of the Tsarist autocracy, the composition of the workers' movement before the Revolution, and so on. In such areas, there is now no such thing as complete and obedient uniformity as the revisionists move away from the schematic and rigid Marxism of past Russian social science.

Then there is the age-old technique cultivated by the Russian literary and scholarly intelligentsia of getting past the censors by saying things indirectly, by making a point between the lines, or by framing discussions in "Aesopian" terms (leaving the moral to the reader). An American scholar has given us a glimpse of how this worked on the theme of Hamlet back in the early '60s. Several literary specialists and the director Grigory Kozintsev, whose film *Hamlet* many in the West have seen, all use Shakespeare's tragedy as a vehicle for some indirect commentary on their own life and times. (Kozintsev's collected essays are titled *Our Contemporary: William Shakespeare.*) "Hamlet wants to make people stop lying," writes Kozintsev. "Hamlet—thinks. This is the greatest threat of all," comments I. Vertsman.

WHY DO THE SOVIETS still bristle at the idea of getting rid of censorship? Is it because of the fragility of public support for ruling institutions, or the weakness of the socialist idea, as many commentators in the West feel? I doubt it. Honest historical writing is a subversive medium, and all ruling groups are a bit more complicated. In the arts, the combination of philistinism and bookkeeping coupled with a style that is used to commanding and getting obeyed, is devastating. Here, for example, is Khrushchev raging at Russian avant-garde artists in 1962, much as a straight and stingy father might object to his kids spending his money learning jazz trumpet instead of classical piano:

We aren't going to give a kopeck for pictures painted by jackasses. . . . Are you pederasts or normal people? I'll be perfectly straightforward with you; we won't spend a kopeck on your art. . . . We aren't going to spend a kopeck on this dog shit. We have the right to send you out to cut trees until you've paid back the money the state has spent on you.

Similarly, in historical writing or the historical novel, a touchy and crude nationalism leads the bureaucracy to take issue with any view which puts Russia—Soviet *and* Tsarist—in an unflattering light. Thus the Soviet press has attacked Solzhenitsyn's newest work, *August, 1914*, published abroad, in part because he exposes the backwardness of the Tsarist army on the Prussian front. Imagine! The heirs of the Bolsheviks protecting the reputation of the Tsarist army! (Stalin hailed the restoration of territories in the Far East in 1945 as cancelling the dishonor inflicted on Russia—Tsarist Russia—by the Japanese in 1905!)

But aside from these (not irrelevant) psycho-cultural ingredients in official attitudes, there are some hard political considerations relating to the morale and functioning of government and Party, especially the latter, as bureaucratic systems. If historical scholarship probes the openness of Lenin's government to a coalition with the left Socialist Revolutionaries in 1917–1918, what happens to the inviolability of the idea of the one-party states? If research shows that the Party was wrong on a number of occasions, doesn't this

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imply that the Party can be wrong now? If historical biographies demonstrate that the oppositionists of the 1920s were not imperialist spies and anti-Soviet wreckers, but loyal communists with legitimate alternative programs, what about present-day dissidents? Such questions surely undermine the self-confidence and discipline of the functionaries, from top to bottom.

But the consequences of refraining from confronting those questions are infinitely worse, as we see today: an inertia which suffocates or smashes novelty and creativity in and out of the Party, and the routinization of old formulae which brakes social and intellectual progress at home, and renders the establishment powerless to understand, much less assist, radical and revolutionary movements abroad. State and Party bureaucracies need new blood and tone, and new ideas. To achieve this might involve a wholesale change of personnel.

Medvedev, above all concerned with justice, writes, "The process of purifying the communist movement, of washing out all the layers of Stalinist filth, is not yet finished. It must be carried through to the end." What else can this mean in practical terms but that the open and crypto-Stalinists ought to be weeded out and stripped of any power? The writer Lydia Chukovskaya has been rather more blunt about it: "Bolt by bolt I want a thoroughgoing examination made of the whole machinery that took a person in the prime of life and turned him into a cold corpse. I want *it* to be sentenced. Publicly."

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Louis Menashe teaches Russian history at the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn. He is the co-editor, with Ronald Radosh, of Teach-Ins; USA *(S. A. Praeger, 1967).*

UNCLE BOB *(From Page 47)*

half of all suits are filed by businessmen against consumers, for unpaid bills. Better than half of the suits filed are filed in batches. You and I rarely have batches; merchants always do. In some ways the small claims court, with its cheap fees and fast justice, makes it easier for merchants to enforce collection than where they have to use the regular courts, because there at least the merchant has to pay a lawyer and you can hold him off for many months, shielded by the complicated and time-consuming ways of regular court procedure.

So what if they *do* get to use *our* courts? Can't we use them too? Yes indeed we can—at least some of us can. But poor and working people don't find it so easy. First, there are rarely night sessions, so your claim has to be large enough, and your chances of collecting on it good enough, to make it worthwhile for you to gamble a day's lost pay while you sit around court waiting your turn. Second, if you are going up against a merchant, he is better equipped than you when he comes into court. He knows the procedures, knows how to handle himself and how to get maximum advantage out of the precious few minutes allotted to each case. This last is crucial—the average small claims case takes less than 15 minutes, and a hustling judge can mumble his way through 20 cases in a morning session. Better not screw up either, because in most states there is no appeal from small claims court judgment, particularly if you are the plaintiff.

To succeed in small claims court you should be prepared, fairly articulate, well controlled emotionally, and your case should have some merit. It is true that most courts are run informally, strict rules of evidence are not adhered to, and, in some states, lawyers are not allowed to appear. But of all the larger populated states, only California banishes the lawyers, and in those states where attorneys are admitted, you can imagine who has them in tow: the merchants, doctors, etc.

Without a lawyer in such states, the brother-off-the-block would be better advised to seek his justice in the streets and leave the small claims courts to the uptown folks. By the way, uptown is where the court is located too, not in the storefront where it belongs. Few people even know the court exists, much less how to find and use it. Even in those states where lawyers are not allowed to appear, the merchants hold a natural advantage. By constant use of the courts, they become para-legal experts in consumer law and its administration, defeating the balance-of-ignorance concept of small claims justice.

Small claims courts do not handle just any little suit. Money damages is what the courts are about, and the courts have no jurisdiction over slander, libel, and most every other complex complaint. And there is a dollar limit on how much you can sue for, ranging from $100 to $3000. California allows $500; New York does too. Most states require that you sue only in-state individuals or businesses, sometimes only in-county people. Also, before you invest that $1.78 in court fees, you should have some idea of what you will do if you win: how are you going to collect the money if the judge agrees that it is owed to you? As I told you in an earlier column, it is one thing to sue and win (or be sued and lose) and quite another to get the money to change hands. If you win a judgment from the court, and if you already know where the defendant's bank account is located, or any other attachable asset, by investing another dollar or so in a writ-of-execution you can get the sheriff to seize it for you. But you must be able to guide the sheriff to the loot; he is not the People's Bloodhound after all. ■

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KOREA *(From Page 20)*

Expeditionary Force could not defeat that "truly homogeneous army" of rebels, the U.S. sought more mercenaries in a sordid recruiting drive that set the pattern for U.S. involvement and specifically adumbrated the "allies" of the Johnson-Nixon intervention. An extraordinary variety of projects were secretly planned and implemented. Examples from 1953 and 1954 amply demonstrate the covert funding of foreign and American personnel to fight in Indochina.

In April 1953 President Eisenhower authorized the use of Chinese Nationalist (CAT) pilots to fly U.S.C-119s on combat missions in Vietnam. The concept was broadened in January 1954 with a decision to "approach the French with a proposal to organize a volunteer air group composed of personnel from various anti-communist nations or groups to serve with the French Union Forces in Indochina." On January 29, 1954 the President's Special Committee on Indochina authorized the CIA to arrange for CAT pilots to fly for the French. The Committee also considered a suggestion "that if the German and French governments would facilitate it, considerable numbers of Germans might be enlisted to increase the Legion."

In March 1954 the President's Special Committee Report on Southeast Asia carried this a step further. It proposed that the French Foreign Legion reduce its enlistment period and form air units. In addition, the committee said, the Legion ought to launch a recruitment drive in Germany, Italy, and possibly Asia, and American personnel ought to be allowed to serve in the Legion without sacrificing their citizenship. These machinations were part of an overall American strategy involving, first of all, an attempt to legitimize the error by "internationalization" if allies could be brought in. Failing that, it would be fought covertly with U.S.-paid foreign mercenaries or —in the event of U.S. military intervention—with ersatz "allies."

No one tried harder than John Foster Dulles to make Vietnam seem a legitimate war worthy of real allies. By late 1954 Dulles had put together a device for internationalizing the war and the inevitable U.S. military intervention: the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization. SEATO was not just a flashy bit of pactmanship; it was essential to obtain Congressional support for Administration policies in Indochina, especially the use of American ground forces. On April 3, 1954 Dulles briefed 25 Congressional leaders on the war and the impending Geneva Conference. At mention of the deteriorating French military situation and the possibility of U.S. intervention, the Congressmen had insisted that "other interested nations must join in before such intervention could be authorized." Dulles also needed SEATO ideologically to distort and enlarge the Vietnamese civil war into a test of the Free World against "communist expansion."

South Korea has been a protean "ally" for the U. S. By keeping the bonus and other pecuniary arrangements secret and claiming to be responding from fear of communist expansion, it aided the Johnson Administration in its deception of Congress and the American people. When the war dragged on, and more and more infantry troops were needed, South Korea obliged and ROK units engaged in extensive combat. In the pacification stage, Korean troops were assigned a Tactical Area of Responsibility in Phu Yen and Binh Dinh provinces. The South Koreans found garrison life and low casualties pleasant, according to some U. S. reports. Although some American officers complained that the Koreans would not leave their coastal enclaves and refused to fight, they acquired a fierce reputation among the Vietnamese in this area — who were the victims of the atrocities discussed earlier. In combat, they proved to be tough soldiers and the American command has given them key assignments.

The U. S. strategy has been to keep the Koreans as a reliable infantry force in case the ARVN collapses. For the time being the ROK troops remain in Vietnam as part of the U. S. residual force. South Korea did withdraw 10,000 men from December 1971 to March 1972, and on July 11 Defense Minister Yu Jae Hung said that the remander would leave "as soon as possible" after August 31. But similar statements have emanated from the Park government in the past, and they must be treated with skepticism.

In any event, the ROK forces have constituted a critical element in the Nixon Administration's strategy in Indochina, as have the CIA armies—the Meo, Lao Theung, Lao irregulars and "Thai volunteers"—currently occupied in Laos. Beyond Vietnam, these mercenary troops are the muscle behind the Nixon Doctrine. They will be used to put down guerrilla insurgencies in Asia without the large-scale introduction of American soldiers. Indeed, if events break the U.S. government's way, the only American involvement in such wars will be the dispatch of the military equipment and the monthly salary checks for the mercenaries.

Clearly, in both the Indochinese context and the long-range view, the growing *détente* between North and South Korea could have important consequences. There is every indication that it has the blessing of the Nixon Administration, which has long sought a reduction of tension on the peninsula in the hope that the U. S. will eventually be able to withdraw its 50,000 troops for use elsewhere in the world.

As for the Democratic People's Republic of Korea, it seems to have abandoned its earlier course of opening a second front against American imperialism, which did succeed in preventing the increase of the South Korean troop commitment in Vietnam and which nearly forced an ROK withdrawal from the war altogether. In addition to the *Pueblo* episode, Pyongyang launched a series of raids and provocations along the Demilitarized Zone from 1966 to 1969 explicitly in retaliation for Seoul's intervention in Vietnam. Now, however, the North Koreans — in the July 4th Joint Communiqué — have agreed to refrain from "armed provocations" against the South. If they adhere to this pledge, the South Koreans will be free to increase their role in the American Expeditionary Force as they see fit and as they find profitable. To be sure, the DPRK may have insisted, as a condition for the *détente*, that Seoul withdraw its troops from Vietnam. But the latter would never have acceded to such a demand without Washington's approval and, if the troops are withdrawn, they will remain on call for use elsewhere.

On the other hand, the ROK role in

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Vietnam is now stripped clean of ideological pretensions. To make holy war on communism in Indochina but meet amicably with the communists in Korea is somewhat contradictory. The Joint Communique states that Korean "unification shall be achieved through independent Korean efforts without being subject to external imposition or interference." If foreign interference is rejected in Korea, the justification for 37,000 South Korean troops in Vietnam is gone.

Justification or not, the ROK forces remain in Vietnam, where they continue to fight and to commit the barbarous acts which have become part of their *modus operandi.* As hired guns, they perform effectively, wiping out whole villages, terrorizing whole provinces. And because of their strategic importance to the Nixon Administraton, they escape even that token of retribution visited on the American Army after My Lai.

It goes on and it will continue this way so long as the United States pursues its present course. For this is the day-to-day reality behind the Nixon Doctrine. Stripped of the rhetoric, it emerges as a grandiose protection racket, the likes of which Vito Genovese never dreamed, the cost of which it is beyond our power to calculate.

James Otis is a pseudonym for an eminent professor in the Asian field who served as a military intelligence officer in Korea during the 1950s.

NIXON *(From Page 23)*

the Cotton Estate in trust for possible purchase by the Richard M. Nixon Foundation.

The Foundation itself, bringing together as it does the inner circle of Nixon's inner circle, bears some examination. The degree of mutual gratification achieved between the business and political members of the Nixon Foundation and Nixon himself recalls the remark made by a great naturalist about the tapeworm and monogamy. He observed that if monogamy is indeed virtuous the tapeworm must be the most virtuous member of the animal kingdom, since it copulates with itself *3,650,000* times during its lifetime. A considerable amount of cross-fertilization action goes on at the Nixon Foundation too, between Nixon and his most faithful retainers.

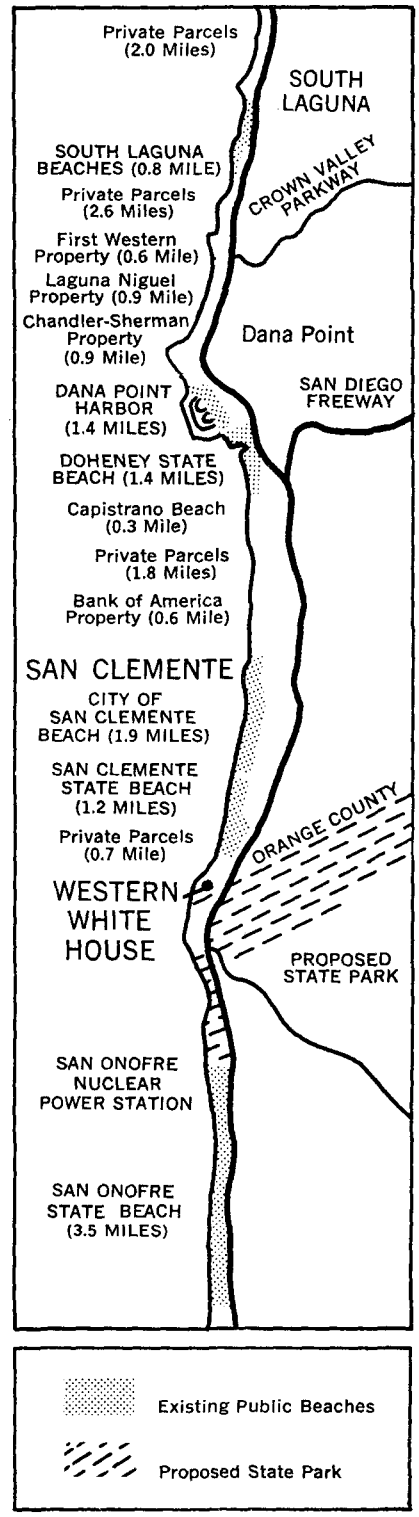
There's Donald Kendall, Board Chairman of Pepsi Cola. Kendall helped get Nixon his job on the Wall Street law firm of Mudge, Rose when Nixon's political career had hit the skids in 1962. Just last April Nixon reciprocated by bringing back with him from his trip to Russia an agreement with Brezhnev to install Pepsi machines—and only Pepsi machines—in the Kremlin and throughout the Soviet Union.

Elmer Bobst, Chairman of Warner-Lambert, is another example of the fruits of cross-fertilization within the Nixon inner circle. "Uncle Elmer," as Julie and Tricia always called him, has contributed hundreds of thousands of dollars to the innumerable Nixon campaigns. But it was a good investment. Last year a merger took place between Warner-Lambert and Parke-Davis, one of its main competitors, in flagrant violation of the anti-trust laws. Warner-Lambert & Company is now the world's largest drug company with thanks due in no small part to Nixon & Company.

Then there's Donald—Donald Nixon, the President's often wayward brother and the leading figure in Don Nixon Associates. Donald has had striking success recently as a consultant with the Marriott Corporation, which runs a major catering service. A surprising number of corporations—including the federally regulated airlines—have switched to Marriott when approached by Donald with an offer they just couldn't refuse. Donald's new-found success has all but wiped out the memory of his role as the guiding entrepreneurial spirit in the ill-fated "Nixonburger" venture. Howard Hughes, whose Hughes Tool Company is a major defense contractor, evidently thought so highly of the commercial possibilities of the Nixonburger franchise that he loaned Donald over $205,000, requiring only $52,000 collateral in the form of a Nixon family property in Whittier.

So it goes at the Nixon Foundation, whose purpose, suitably enough, is to raise money to commemorate the Administration of Richard M. Nixon. Eventually a library housing all the Presidential papers will rise from somewhere in Orange County. San Clemente has been designated as one possible site, the Irvine Ranch another, and the community of Whittier has offered a plot of land purchased expressly for the purpose, for $220,000 from an oil company.

According to Foundation sources, the President wants it to appeal to youth. He wants scholars to use it for research. He wants it to reflect the of-


Private Parcels (2.0 Miles)
SOUTH LAGUNA
SOUTH LAGUNA BEACHES (0.8 MILE)
CROWN VALLEY PARKWAY
Private Parcels (2.6 Miles)
First Western Property (0.6 Mile)
Laguna Niguel Property (0.9 Mile)
Chandler-Sherman Property (0.9 Mile)
Dana Point
DANA POINT HARBOR (1.4 MILES)
SAN DIEGO FREEWAY
DOHENEY STATE BEACH (1.4 MILES)
Capistrano Beach (0.3 Mile)
Private Parcels (1.8 Miles)
Bank of America Property (0.6 Mile)
SAN CLEMENTE
CITY OF SAN CLEMENTE BEACH (1.9 MILES)
SAN CLEMENTE STATE BEACH (1.2 MILES)
Private Parcels (0.7 Mile)
ORANGE COUNTY
WESTERN WHITE HOUSE
PROPOSED STATE PARK
SAN ONOFRE NUCLEAR POWER STATION
SAN ONOFRE STATE BEACH (3.5 MILES)
Existing Public Beaches
Proposed State Park

Map by Louise Kollenbaum

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fice of the President rather than himself. All this seems laudable enough. But what most local observers seem to question is the morality of Nixon fundraisers crossing the country trying to hit big businessmen for funds, many of whom inevitably will, or should, have regulatory problems with the government. With previous Presidents' libraries it was the practice to raise the money after the President left office. Nixon has reversed the precedent. Observers also question the grandiosity of the plans. Spokesmen for the Foundation have indicated that they'll need at least 200 acres for the library—27 acres for parking alone. Why Nixon needs 200 acres for his library when the Library of Congress itself occupies only 13 acres remains a mystery. Foundation plans to carve 200 acres of rich Orange County real estate have to be kept in mind as we note the further developments in the struggle for Nixon's beach.

Remember that Nixon's house seemed perfectly protected on all four sides—by Camp Pendleton, by land bought up and held vacant for the Nixon Foundation, and by the Pacific Ocean. But it was from the ocean that Nixon was to lose his invulnerability. What Nixon probably didn't realize when he chose the Cotton Estate is that it fronts on two of California's best surfing "breaks"—Cotton Point and the Trestles (the latter so named because it lies off the Santa Fe railroad tracks). Surfers come from all over Southern California to these two breaks to ride the waves down to what is now Nixon's front yard. Nixon could hardly be expected to know this—he hardly seems to travel in beachboy circles.

Under ordinary circumstances, with the help of the Secret Service, Nixon could no doubt have kept the surfers at a distance. But even as Nixon occupied the Cotton Estate, plans underway since the administration of California Governor Pat Brown were coming to fruition, turning 3½ miles of beach directly south of Nixon's house into a state park.

It would have been easy enough to simply issue an executive order killing the state park, crediting the Secret Service preoccupation with Nixon's security with the wipeout of the surfers. But Southern Californians would get the message: another part of California's coast foreclosed for recreation. Currently only 353 of California's 1072 miles of coastline are publicly owned. The rest is owned by private individuals and corporations. For example, just north of San Clemente's municipal beach there is Bank of America beach. North of Dana Point, the next town up the coast, there is Otis Chandler's beach, which borders the Laguna Niguel beach (a subsidiary of AVCO Corp.), which borders First Western Bank beach, etc.

Nixon's problem was to stop the development of the beach near his property and at the same time avoid getting caught in the political undertow that cancelling the state beach would be sure to cause. His solution seemed ingenious enough. Instead of announcing the cancellation of the state park, in February 1970 he announced the *creation* of a state beach—six miles from his house, on the Camp Pendleton Marine base. The beach Nixon proposed was relatively unsuitable for surfing and it was practically inaccessible. It was located at the foot of the San Onofre Bluffs and could only be reached by climbing down the bluffs through winding trails. But it was still beach land, and it did enable Nixon to pose as the beach-boys' friend and ally—at least to those who knew nothing about the merits of Southern California beaches. Meanwhile, Nixon's aides claimed he was unaware that his presence had cancelled the beach at the Trestles. And he directed his aides to pressure the Marine Corps into relinquishing part of their 17-mile coastline. Nixon's aides figured about 4.5 miles would do, but the Marines agreed to relinquish only 1.5 miles. The rest, said high brass, was needed for amphibious landing practice. Base Commander General Bowman even refused to allow planners from the California Department of Parks and Recreation to enter Camp Pendleton to survey the land which the White House had given to the state.

In addition to their training for wars of the past, however, the Marines had another reason for holding on to the beachhead—namely a secret agreement between the top brass and a small group of prominent Southern California businessmen and movie stars. The agreement came in the form of a lease between Camp Pendleton and the so-called "San Onofre Surfing Club," which included such worthies as L. A. *Times* publisher Otis Chandler, "Gunsmoke" star James Arness and top Justice Department figure Robert Mardian. The Marines allowed this group of private citizens to lease 2500 feet of beach at a dollar a year.

Sensing an exploitable issue, wealthy Congressman Alphonzo Bell moved in to expose the San Onofre Surfing Club. He attacked it as a private spa for "a small group of Marine brass and socially prominent Californians." Bell's own family background was to get him into trouble on much the same score. Bell's father organized Bell Oil Company and "developed" what is now known as Bel-Air. "He sold all of his beach to private individuals," Base Commander General George Brown counter-attacked. "Now he doesn't understand why we don't give up our enlisted [men's] beaches." The John Birch Society poured more solid waste on Bell's position when the office of Congressman John Schmitz accused Bell of supporting the land transfer because of secret oil interests he allegedly had in the area. "That's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard of," replied Bell. "I don't own any oil land in California. In San Onofre," he corrected himself. The noise and odor overhanging Nixon's beach increased as General Bowman, called before a closed session of a House Armed Services unit, offered the following explanation of the San Onofre Surfing Club:

> "Well, sir, they had been using this beach a long time and I got there last August and this beach was coming up for renewal of the lease and frankly I wasn't very happy about it."
>
> "It's not open to the public," pressed one committee member, "and yet they have a contract which allows them to use it for a dollar a year. That's a strange arrangement."
>
> "Well, sir, I would just like to at this time [sic] was that this beach holds about 1000 people here. And I don't have the Marines nor the money to police and maintain that area. As I recall from the figures this surfing club which is limited to 1000 people as I recall. You had to

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put your name on a list to get in. A thousand people that I could rely on, or turn it over to someone that would be undependable."

MEANWHILE, AT THE Western White House itself, with the negotiations between the Administration and the Marine Corps at a standstill, on the evening of July 27, 1970 President Nixon was meeting with Governor Ronald Reagan and the then Senator from California, George Murphy, the former movie star who had served thousands of Technicolor, Inc. investors while serving simultaneously as a U.S. Senator and as a consultant to that corporation. The revelation of this affair had hurt Murphy's re-election chances against John Tunney. How about giving Murphy credit for bringing the park to Southern California? Reagan suggested it would cut into Tunney's liberal support and reverse the prevailing tide. Maybe Murphy would even wind up a hero in the ecology movement. Nixon agreed. He asked Reagan to send him reports on how his Department of Parks was coming in the negotiations with the Marine Corps, with recommendations to be routed through Murphy's staff. Reagan told the California director of Parks and Recreation to send all the announcements of beach-front victories to Murphy's office so he could announce them and thereby assume the role of dynamic ecology activist.

Unfortunately for Murphy, his staff failed to do even the minimal amount of paper shuffling that would have made his credit-grabbing credible. News of the plans reached John Tunney's campaign headquarters just as Governor Reagan prepared to launch Murphy as a great lover of the outdoors. Forewarned, Tunney threatened Murphy and Reagan with exposure of the media hype. Tunney argued that Murphy had done no real work in preparing the transfer of the beach from the Marine Corps to the state. This warning stopped the Murphy media juggling before it ever got rolling.

By August 1970, despite the desperate struggle to take credit for creating a public beach, there was still no public beach. The Marines were willing to give up only 1.5 miles of their 17-mile beach and that portion lay right in front of the San Onofre Nuclear Reactor. The state had been asking for 4.5 miles, arguing that 1.5 miles was too small to develop. The State Department of Parks and Recreation offered a compromise of 3.5 miles. Still the Marines remained dug in. Local liberal congressman Alphonzo Bell called a press conference the same day to denounce the Marine Corps: "The thought that the prime beach frontage at Camp Pendleton should be fenced off to the public so that the Marines can use the land for maneuvers a few days each year—if that—is preposterous." Bell went on, "This situation is even more infuriating when it is realized that the Marines have authorized use of part of this land for a private, closed-membership, surfing club."

This was the first time mention of the San Onofre Surfing Club had ever been made in public. Its members had always tried to keep a low profile and now they were being flushed out in the open. Six days later the club sought to gain some leverage with the master of the low profile by inviting the President to join. In charge of recruitment was Club member Robert Mardian, a Pasadena Savings and Loan executive who'd been a Nixon backer since the early '60s. Until recently Mardian headed the Justice Department's internal security office under John Mitchell and now works with the Committee to Re-elect the President, sponsors of the Watergate Waterbugs, who sought unsuccessfuly to listen in on the Democratic National Committee.

Mardian persuaded Nixon to take up membership in the San Onofre Surfing Club. A local account on August 25 described Nixon emerging dutifully from his office in the bright summer sun to greet a contingent of surfers from the club. Mardian, dressed in nappy pinstripes and smiling happily at parade rest, was there. So was Rolf Arness, the world's champion surfer whose father, Gunsmoke's James Arness, is a club member and occupies a summer house in Cypress Shores, near the Western White House. Nixon shook hands with the surfers, stood by for pictures, and accepted a plaque making him an honorary member of the Club. He also received a special decal for the Presidential limousine that would get him past the Marine Corps

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sentries at Camp Pendleton. This seal of unearned federally-bestowed privilege, from the all-white businessmen's club, forms a fitting emblem for the Nixon Administration as a whole.

Meanwhile, months of haggling had passed between the Marines and the California Department of Parks. The President himself stayed out of this controversy until, finally, the Marines executed a surprising maneuver. The Marine Commandant called Sacramento and ordered the state to get their men off Camp Pendleton until the lease was signed in Washington.

When the White House heard about the harassment of Reagan's park officials, top aides were instructed to countermand the Commandant's order, and President Nixon took personal charge of the affair. On April 5, 1971 he announced that, instead of turning the 3½ miles of Camp Pendleton into a state park, he would carve out 6 miles of the Marine beach. In addition, in a move that proved even more controversial, Nixon decided to annex 3400 acres of Camp Pendleton that lay directly behind his house—a tract that abutted land being held in trust for the Nixon Foundation.

On May 25 the White House announced that the Federal Property Review Board (FPRB) had recently carried out a survey of all Federal lands, acting through GSA, and found part of this land "excess" to federal needs. "Federal Property Review Board" has a nice, official, non-partisan sound to it. Actually, it is composed of top Nixon advisors including Don Rumsfeld, John Ehrlichman and Clark McGregor, who is the newly appointed Chairman of the Committee to Re-elect the President. Their process of review turned out to be most unusual. Instead of surveying the land and determining how much could be excessed, the FPRB first decided how much land needed to be transferred from the federal domain and *then* declared it excess. This peculiar sequence came out when GSA people came to Camp Pendleton. When they measured the plot that they had originally selected behind Nixon's house, it turned out to be only 2700 acres. According to one Congressman, they said, in effect, "Oh my God! We thought it was 3400 acres. Could you please give us 700 acres more to bring it up to 3400 acres?" Far from being excess, the inland 3400 acres demanded by the White House contained Camp Pendleton's water wells and its sewage treatment plant, along with helicopter landing pads and other structures worth several million dollars.

BUT IF THIS LAND was truly "in excess," what did the Administration want to use it for? This is a touchy point these days with White House ecology fighters and Congressman Alphonzo Bell's staff. They all claim now that the 3400 inland acres were to be used as a park by the state. This is untrue. The original Government survey recommends quite clearly "that the 3400-acre parcel marked in blue on exhibit B and C be reported excess and sold for *residential development.*" (italics added) The rationalization underlying the government's original case for turning Camp Pendleton over to the real estate people was that the state could get enough money from the sale of inland parcels to provide public toilets and other facilities for the 6½ miles of beach.

John Ehrlichman, Nixon Foundation director and perhaps the ranking White House aide on the Federal Property Review Board, explained that he doubted the State of California would have enough money to develop the whole 3400 acres as a park and that what they couldn't maintain would be sold to developers.

The White House transfer of Camp Pendleton to the State of California for eventual sale did not go unnoticed by the House Armed Services Committee. "This thing reminds me of the time they tried to steal Fort DeRussy out in Hawaii—they have been working at it ever since in order to build high-rises along Waikiki Beach," recalled one Congressman. None of the hawkish committee members really objected to taking away the Marines' beach. It was the lifting of the 3400 inland acres out of the public domain in order to create a real estate development that aroused even the Republican committee members. "The beach unquestionably should be opened to the public," said one Republican. "There is no question about that. But the thing that arouses my curiosity is this other land, 3400 acres—it isn't 3400 but that is what they call it. First it was to be used for real estate development, and the value of that land for that purpose is astronomical. After they said it was for real estate development, then they came back and later said it was for a park. No item of a park was ever mentioned until after the committee dug into the matter and found some things that didn't look quite right."

Even today, over a year later, no one on the committee staff is willing to say what it was that the committee found "that didn't look quite right." Still, as Congressman Hunt observed at the time, "There must be some underlying reason to grab that 3400 acres that is now the buffer zone up against Camp Pendleton."

Who wanted to grab the 3400 acres'

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Nixon, that's who. White House Assistant Press Secretary Gerry Warren readily acknowledges that the beach park plan was Nixon's. The claim is, of course, that the idea was always to keep the 3400 acres as a park. But this, as documents prove, and as many Congressmen know, is a lie. At the risk of committing further *lèse majesté* against the President, it must also be asked who stood to gain from the transfer. Once again, the answer is Nixon. Executive Director of the Federal Property Review Board Darrell Trent admits that land values near the 3400-acre plot have increased substantially. This would include, of course, Nixon's property and the land held in trust for the Nixon Foundation.

Too petty a deal for someone invested with the cares of state and the panoply of office? We have seen already how the President likes to spend his summer vacation. And if more evidence is required to establish the rather petty limits of Nixon's capitalist horizon, we need only recall Nixon's role in the Fisher Island Corporation. That was the deal in which Nixon was brought in by Bebe Rebozo. Fisher's Island needed only a bridge to the Florida mainland to send its value skyrocketing, and Nixon's role was to get the Federal government to build the bridge. Nixon failed then too. And remember Citra-Frost? Nixon's scheme to make a fortune in the frozen orange juice business, just after World War II? For a year and a half, Nixon came home nights after working in his Whittier law office to squeeze oranges with Pat. Then, during the War, there was Nixon's Snack Shack, where he traded everything from captured Japanese rifles to introductions to the Army nurses who arrived to take care of the casualties. . . . With a business record so consistent, it's no wonder Nixon has remained in politics.

None of the shoddy machinations preceding the transfer of Pendleton to the state prevented Nixon from taking full public credit as an environmental warrior victorious over petty bureaucratic interests. "This magnificent beach," said Nixon on the day of its dedication last summer, flying over in a helicopter. "This is one of the last great swimming beaches in America. Just two years ago," the President went on, "I was walking along this beach and I realized that here in Southern California there were millions of people who wanted to go to the beach, and that when you go by Santa Monica, Long Beach, or any of the other great beaches I used to go to as a youngster, that they are just too crowded these days and there is a great need for more beaches where people can go."

These beaches, Nixon said, would never have become a reality "unless I had taken a walk on the beach two years ago in San Clemente and walked an extra mile and saw the great possibility and decided that the time had come for Presidential initiative." What he didn't say was that as he walked that mile what was flashing through his one-track politican's head was not the image of surf on sand but the upward movement of Gallup polls, the smiles of satisfied retainers, and the roar of distant, preferably very distant, crowds.

McGOVERN *(From Page 9)*

McGovern is in any sense a leader, spokesman or representative of "the movement," or that his views and commitments are an authentic expression of movement politics. But McGovern's success, his nomination, what the press calls the "McGovern phenomenon" as if it were an emanation of his personality and will—these do reflect the unexpected power of that new political force. And if we look at the sources of McGovern's support and success, and consider how little help the usual power brokers were willing to offer to him (and how little they were able to deliver to anybody else), we realize that this time the biggest political debts are owed to us—not to us as individuals or a group, but to the principles on the basis of which our considerable political muscle was thrown behind his campaign. That amounts to a political deal, and we ought to regard it as binding on McGovern as—say—dairymen would consider a deal for price supports or textile industry fat cats would regard an understanding on import quotas. Beyond his Vietnam pledge, McGovern has made a deal with us on a broad range of subjects—abortion, marijuana, etc.—and we would be selling ourselves short if we let him forget it.

Still, there is a feeling that wanting to collect on our political debts is short sighted and merely penny wise; our overriding concern now is that McGovern win, or else he will be in no position to deliver anything to anyone. In practical politics, so the thinking goes, unstinting compromise of principle is the only winning way. However to accept the strategic options of the McGovern campaign in these terms, one would have to be disasterously obtuse to the lessons of the campaign's success. The common wisdom defines clarity and principle as politically dangerous; obfuscation and compromise, as playing safe. Yet the fact is that, in this election year, the political dangers of playing safe have proved to be the greatest ones of all.

If compromise brought power, Hubert Humphrey would be God. No one could accuse him of a finicky aversion to expediency. He was a phenomenon of readiness to satisfy expediency's demands, even its whims, instantly, in all directions, with a compulsive energy that bordered on the apoplectic. He was like a one-man band, deluged

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with innumerable requests for songs and attempting to keep up and play them all. He was a hurricane of compromise, raging across the land, belching out torrential gusts of his political vacuity, lurching, twitching and thrashing in a frenzy of opportunism. Ebullient, extravagant, he would contradict himself at every turn with the wanton pugnacity of a method actor trying to play the part of an unruly mob.

Since Muskie was the front runner from the start, all he had to do was sit tight, lie low and not make enemies. He was not about to blow it by saying something that might get people all upset. He chose the largest issues—alienation, the credibility gap, the issues that were profoundly disturbing and non-controversial; it was communication and trust versus division and discord. He was relentlessly forthright trustworthy, honest and sincere, always about nothing in particular. For a while he came across as Honest Abe Muskie. Then he raised his honesty to an even higher plane and strove to personify the old solid values. His craggy face became a legend; he was Maine granite, American bedrock. In fact it began to look as if he had bypassed the White House entirely to assume the solid crustacean presence of a Mount Rushmore apotheosis.

Humphrey and Muskie, instinctively inclined towards opposites of style, saying everything and saying nothing, differed in the campaign images they were striving to project—the Humphrey vitality and the Muskie dignity. But each in his own style shared the strategic principle of keeping political content to a minimum.

And they lost.

McGovern followed an alternate scenario, rejecting the passive strategy for the active, the inoffensive posture for the inspiring. At first, to be sure, it was the only approach open to him; had he been "realistic," he would have discounted his own prospects and backed Muskie. But as the strategy began to pay off, as he won commitment and support, as his campaign developed momentum, the pressure to edge to the center increased. At every stage of the game, the argument could be made that what was necessary before is counterproductive now—"We've gotten all the mileage out of these issues that we're going to." It was, however, too late for such faintheartedness.

To take a specific case, William Chapman in the Washington *Post* reported from the convention that, "At several points in the past few days, the McGovern forces had considered abandoning the Singer-Jackson anti-Daley group and going all the way with the Mayor. For a mixture of reasons the idea was rejected. 'Even if we had wanted to, we couldn't have delivered the votes [for Daley],' said Gary Hart, McGovern's national campaign director. 'That would have been straining our people too far. It would have compromised the senator too much, his posture as a man'."

It is a moot point whether the delegates' scruples *enabled* or *compelled* the leadership to go with the Chicago insurgents. In either case, the scruples made it the politically correct decision, even granting that the stakes were high. To be sure, Daley is widely seen as the way to a November victory in Illinois, and Illinois may well be the key to the election. McGovern will need more than aquiescent support from him. But the stakes on the other side were higher still. McGovern's strategists are aiming to register millions of "new voters" through the efforts of 100,000 registrar volunteers. Lacking the traditional big money sources, they talk of having a million contributors donate $25 each. Their aim is to arouse and energize, to activate and intensify support. Under the circumstances, Daley's support was important, but the volunteer organization was vital. When the two proved incompatible, the McGovern leadership had to favor the latter.

Such is the logic of the McGovern "phenomenon." The candidate is only as radical as his constituency forces him to be, but precisely in the fact he is so extraordinarily dependent on that constituency lies the responsibility and the opportunity to demand that he stick by the commitments that make his constituency strong.

(From Page 13)

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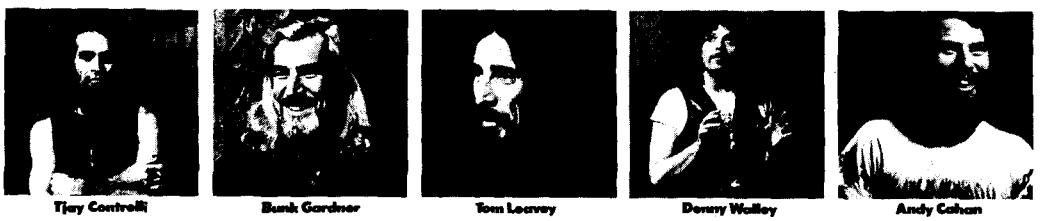

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